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# MUSINGS OF A RECLUSE.

"The soliloquy of the hermit owl,
Exhaling all his solitary soul."

BY JOHN B. DERBY.

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"Mourn not, because thy fate shuts out
The gaudy world's tumultuous din;
He recks not of the world *without*,
Who feels he has a world, *within*."

# DEDICATION.

I inscribe the following Poems, to Doctor S. C. Hewett, of Boston; — who, after two years privation, saved, by his skill, my *limbs*, and my *mind*.

As an act of gratitude, I, therefore, dedicate to *him*, these first exercises of that mind; rescued from oblivion, by his efforts, and restored to hope, by his generosity.

His grateful friend
and servant,
JOHN B. DERBY.

# INTRODUCTION.

THREE years ago, the author of these Poems was assailed by a sickness, that deprived him of his powers of perception and memory. He languished, in great misery, for nearly a year; when suddenly, his powers were in a degree restored. But he did not, at the same time, recover the use of his limbs; another year was required to regain the power of locomotion. In the forlorn condition wherein he found himself, — separated from all his friends — lonely and wretched, far in the wilds of New-Hampshire, — he had no other solace, but to devote such mental powers as God had vouchsafed to him, to writing rhymes; whereby he could preserve a memorial of his thoughts and feelings. Such was the origin of this work; and he humbly hopes that others, who may feel the hand of Heaven, in acute suffering, may also feel encouraged 'to look up,' with confidence in its ultimate goodness and mercy! J. B. D.

# MUSINGS OF A RECLUSE.

## MY CHILDREN.

There is something a little unusual in relation to this Poem. Before it was composed, I had been, for more than a year, shut up in Hospitals, as "non compos mentis." I suppose it is fact, that my mental powers, (as well as the powers of my body,) had been, in a considerable degree, suspended. On the morning, when this poem was composed, I suddenly awoke, and found my mind restored. At least, so it seemed to *me;* and, to *test* the *fact,* I determined to compose, there, in bed, a *poem;* which I did; and retained it in my memory, until I had an opportunity, months afterwards, to write it out. Here it is!

## MY CHILDREN.

### A VISION.

'Alas! nor wife, nor children, more, shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home.'

I MEET them! at the solemn hours,
When balmy sleep hath soothed my pain;
And faithful memory restores,
In dreams, my happy home, again!

One pretty prattler folds my arm,
Another, climbs my trembling knee;
And, gazing in their gentle eyes,
I see the drops they weep for me!

I try to take them in my arms,
(Dear objects of parental love!)
In vain! I cannot clasp their charms,
My stubborn joints refuse to move.

I try to hug them to my heart,
That each may be a nestler there;
But grief hath dried its fountains up,
And, on the ruin, broods — despair.

Despair? false man! the sovereign power
That raised the dead, can speak the word,
And bring, again, the happy hour,
When all thy joys shall be restored.

'Bethesda's pool' is never dry,
(Exhaustless fount of heavenly love!)
And Mercy comes, even *now*, from high,
To save, — to chasten, and reprove.

## ASRAEL'S SONG.*

Come! come! come!
Down to the pit where the worm coils in slime;
Where the earth is chill and damp with rime;
Where no sound disturbs the sleeper's dream,
No morning sheds its cheering beam.

Come! come! come!
There 's a bed of down for the tired soul;
It wakes no more! till thunders roll
Their last, dread peal o'er the silent tomb;
And lightnings pierce its fearful gloom.

Come! come! come!
Where pain no more the heart shall rend,
Nor withering grief the strong man bend;
Nor power bow down the aspiring mind,
Nor chains the lofty purpose bind!

Come! come! come!
I am thy last and happiest rest!
Pillow thy sorrows on my breast;

* Asrael is the Angel of Death

Toil-worn, and sick of mortal strife,
Lay down thy weary load of life.

Come! come! come!
Rend off the cords, that hold thee fast
To earth's dull clods; the pitiless blast
Of freezing, fierce ingratitude,
Locks up thy genial flow of blood.

Come! come! come!
To the peaceful land, where hearts unite
In love's bright bands, 'all clad in white;'
Where generous thought a response hears,
And virtue reigns immortal years.

---

## INSCRIPTION FOR A MAD-HOUSE.

Within this gloomy gate Hope never comes!
Enter, ye mad! to cruel torture doomed;
Here, lingering, bid a sneering world farewell,
And mourn thy happiness, forever past!

*Note.* I believe I remember *Dante's* inscription over the *Gate of Hell.*

## DEPARTURE OF THE MISSIONARIES.

Go, GALLANT ship! freighted with precious stores
For thousands languishing beyond the wave;
Go, ark of christian hope! to distant shores
Proclaim His word, who came to bless and save.

Full may the gentle breezes fill thy sail!
Smooth be the conscious sea beneath thy prow;
No low 'ring tempests in thy cordage wail,
But winds, be still, and storms, forget to blow.

Ye Exiles! heralds of salvation's song,
That erst was sung by angel-choirs in heaven;
Bear hence the tidings to the pagan throng,
That 'peace on earth—good will to man,' is given.

Dread not the horrors of an ocean-shroud,
Nor faint beneath the sun's consuming wrath;
For, in the yawning deep and bursting cloud,
The seraph-wing of Mercy guards your path.

Lo, He is with you! He, before whose frown
The altar and the god shall prostrate fall!

Bright, in the East, his cheering star looks down,
Proclaiming joy, and peace, and hope — to all.

---

## 'SQUIRE HANKS.

'T WAS a "thanks-giving" feast! and family pride
Had assembled its members, both far and wide:
The good cheer smoked merrily, under their chins,
And the rule was made good, '*he who eats fastest — wins.*'

'Squire Hanks lolled heavily back in his seat,
His vast corporation cramm'd full of meat;
He took a survey of the numerous guests
That, yearly increasing, 'munched' at his feast.

'Oh! consider,' said he, 'how many a shoot,
Has thus sprouted from *me*, the illustrious root!'
'Cuffee' grinned, and hid his black phiz in his hand,
And twitched, first his ram's wool, then his waist band.

'*Let it out*, Cuff! this instant,' old Hanks replied,
'And let all be silent, and hear him' he cried;

'I was tinking,' said Cuff, 'how much better and sound
De *branches* would flourish, de *ole root under ground.*'

---

## TO E——

Dear object of my hopes and fears,
How may I count the charms that meet
In *thee;* and, for these many years
Have held me captive at thy feet.

A willing captive! for to be
Thy servant is my fond desire;
When most enslaved, I am most free,
When most subdued, then most aspire.

'T is not thine eyes' persuasive blue,
Thy cheeks' carnation, like the rose,
Thy lips, so moist with honey-dew,
Whose smiles the pearls within disclose:

'T is not thy locks of golden hair,
Shaming the precious comb they wreathe;
Thy swelling neck, so dazzling fair,
That envious snow doth melt beneath:

'T is not thy form, where every grace
Hath lent some charm, to win all hearts;
Nor mind — 'the music of the face,'
That sweetness to the whole imparts:

No! *none of these* have held me, freed
From love's light, silken bands, to *thee;*
It is, that in thine eyes, I read
The blissful hope — that *thou lov'st me.*

---

## 'MY LOVE.'

Some love the nectar of the vine,
And some, the labor of the bee;
Give *me* the dew of beauty's lips,
That's wine and honey both, for me!

Some love the sparkle of a gem,
And some, the sheen of polished gold;
Give *me* the radiance of bright eyes,
When beauty in my arms I fold.

Some love the song of early birds,
And some the sound of murmuring rills;

Give me the gentle voice I love,
That all my ear with rapture fills.

Some love the fragrance of the pink,
And some the perfume of the rose;
I have them both — when loving, lov'd,
'My dear,' to my fond heart I close!

Some love the touch of mossy bank,
And some the softness of the down;
*All*, in my darling, *best*, I find —
Scent, hearing, sight, taste, touch — *my own.*

---

## THE INVITATION.

Come to *me*, love! the moon's on high,
In heaven the starry lamps are lighting;
Let slumber close the *weary* eye —
*Our* lips and eyes should love be plighting.

Oh! could I clasp *thee* in my arms,
And hold thee to my bosom press'd;
Could soothe thy beating heart's alarms,
And hang in transport on thy breast:

Not all the joys of wealth or power,
Nor honors, snatch'd from glory's shrine,
Were worth that one extatic hour
Of happiness — that then were mine!

Come to *me*, love! the queen of night
Moves joyous, in the azure deep;
Her train of gems is sparkling bright,
Oh! leave not *me* to sigh and weep.

'T was thus, as restless on my bed
I languished for the dawning morrow,
I called upon the faithless maid,
New source of all my joy and sorrow.

When lo, a shadow caught mine eye;
A breathing perfume floated round.
I heard a soft and murmuring sigh —
A gentle voice! — I knew the sound.

'T was *she!* the maid in all her charms,
My fears and doubts forever ending:
I caught her, blushing, in my arms,
And pressed her lip, as o'er her bending.

'T were vain to *tell* of joy and bliss,
While we our vigils bright were keeping;

Slept we? think ye? — I'll tell thee *this*,
That there was *anything—but—sleeping!*

---

## FRIENDSHIP!

### AFTER A DISAPPOINTMENT.

'T is like the little gilded fly,
Who seeks, at morn, a dewy flower,
And sips, inebriate, all day long,
The nectar of his fragrant bower.

But, if there comes a chilling flaw,
That shakes the selfish reveller's cell,
He opes his wings and fills each paw,
Then bids his palace 'go to ——'

---

## A RURAL DITTY.

### SAM HIGGINS, AND BETTY WIGGINS.

Sam Higgins was as sleek a youth,
As ever cut a tarnal caper;

He spoke right out, and pledged his truth,
But scorned the aid of pen and paper.

He was a tailor by his trade,
And plied the needle strong and steady;
Of duns and discounts ne'er afraid,
Altho' at times, a leetle heady.

But Sam was bashful 'mongst the girls;
His phiz glowed like a heated poker,
If they but shook their flowing curls,
Or winked, or laughed, at any joker.

Sam felt as though he sat on coals,
And hitched first one side, then the 't other;
He picked his stockings full of holes,
And felt — all over in a bother!

Was ever any thing more sure,
Than that such ninneys take to *drinking*?
'T was so with *Sam!* — *rum* was a lure,
That lulled his sense, and set him winking.

Now, Polly Wiggins was a lass
Who lived close by the shop he worked in;
Her face was ruddy as the brass
She cleaned, — and smooth as glass she 'perk-
[ed in.'

She noticed Sam! his gait, and air,
His hat cocked, 'knowing,' o'er his noddle;
She loved! like any lady-fair,
And all her fat was in a puddle.

She sighed! 'Oh Sam!'—all to herself;
She tossed and tumbled, like a dolphin;
Or, like a miser, robbed of pelf,—
Or, like a fish yclept, 'a sculpin!'

However vexed with the smart
Of love's sharp needle in her bosom,
She bore his image in her heart,
And wept,— when blowing coals, to rouse 'em.

Sam saw the damsel's sore distress;
His stomach turned, when he considered
His lonely state; and, longed to bless
The gentle nymph who pricked his gizzard.

And so, one night he smarted up,
Put on his best blue coat and dickey;
Smoothed o'er his hat,— took just *one cup*,
And seized with hasty hand his stickee.

The parties meet, before a fire
In roaring chimney, in October;

And — what would most fair hopes inspire,
Sam, to his praise, was something *sober*.

He sat him down; and for a while
Played with his watch-key, in reflection;
For not one word, in spite of smiles,
Could he gulp up, in his dejection.

At last he rose; and up he goes,
To the broad window, slow and solemn;
His gait was staid, in creaking shoes,
But his broad face expressed a volume!

He looked out on snowy plains,
Where the fair moon shone bright and cheery;
He rubbed his stomach, for its pains,
Pond'ring a tale, to tell his deary.

At length, a swift idea came
Over his mind, to bless the shammy;
And out it rushed, in words of flame —
'If *cats* dont frisk to night, then d——n me.'

## SONG.

Sweet little Marian, all my delight,
My star of the morning; my moonlight by night;
How my heart throbs for thee — love!
Come! give me a kiss, so thrilling and sweet,
That my soul shall spring forward thy dear soul to meet,
In raptures, like thine for me — love!

Come my heart's treasure — balm of my life,
So buxom, so gentle, so happy, and blithe,
Clasp round my neck, thine arms — love!
Thus on my bosom, thy dear head recline,
And mingle thy tresses and kisses with mine,
That my soul may revel in charms — love.

---

## MY WIFE, IN HEAVEN!

Blessed spirit! dwelling in the glorious light
That beams all radiant from Jehovah's throne!
Soothing the soul with visions fair and bright,
Look down on wretched me! — forlorn and lone:

Wrecked, without hope, on life's deserted shore;
No friend to cheer, no counseller to guide
My failing footsteps thro' its valleys drear,
Or lead me faltering, to the darkling tide
Of dread eternity! — Oh! hear my prayer!

Ah! if e'er, in life's short journey thou didst run
With *me*, — the hapless partner of thy days,
My only merit, that, beneath the sun,
None loved so well; or felt so deep thy praise:
Dearest, when o'er thee bowed, by hopeless grief,
I saw thy spirit wing aloft its flight,
With one last smile! — the only sad relief,
That saved my reason from eternal night;
The hue of heaven! how beautiful! how brief!

Thou just, made perfect! intercede for me,
That yet again, my soul may mix with thine!
Transporting thought! communing once with *thee*,
Unstained by passion; mind with mind divine!
Essence, with essence; love, with perfect love!
Oh! Father, merciful! haste on the hour,
When humbly, meekly, purely as the dove,
My joyous flight, points by thy sovereign power,
To worlds unsoiled by sin, unchangeable above!

*Note.* At the age of 19 years, I took my degree of A. B, at Bowdoin, with some 'eclat,' passing out with the honors of a Conference, and a Poem. The subject of the poem was proposed by the president, the venerable Appleton. It was a description of the 'View from the Observatory,' at Portland. The selection of such a subject evinced a

poetical taste in the President, quite surprising to me; for I had only known him in his prayers and theological lectures.

Soon after leaving Maine, I attempted to read Law in the office of an eminent counsellor, at Salem. But it would not do! I sat in the window with 'old Coke' in my lap; but my eyes were on the *ladies* passing by, in their morning and afternoon promenade. How I escaped 'falling in love' at that time is wonderful! I suppose that my attention was distracted by the unusual number of beautiful women, in which Salem abounds.

Besides I had with youthful enthusiasm and contempt for wealth, determined never to marry a rich lady. And I was suspicious that none other would be acceptable to my family.

But I did not remain long in the counsellors office. *Fun*, was more my element than '*black letter*.' And I was not surprised when my father informed me that my localities were about to be changed; and that Northampton, Mass. was the place selected.

I went there to enter the office of another eminent counsellor. I 'treated,' to Brown Stout and old Cheeses on the evening of my arrival; and initiated myself into the mysteries of the gentlemen's society of that place. I soon found Northampton the last place in the world for study. I know not what would have become of me, had I not 'fallen in love.' Yes! I have been I verily believe, once in my life, heartily 'in love'!

I cannot allude to this subject, without living my life over again, in imagination and memory. The lady was a most pure and beautiful being, young and full of enthusiasm. That *I* should become attached to *her*, was inevitable. That *she* should love *me* is astonishing. But she did! (God bless all of her name for it!) she did indeed, *love me!*

I had no sooner ascertained this thrilling fact, than I burned for 'a declaration.' And one evening, by the moon's soft and inviting beams, 'I told her the story of my love.' Ah! that never happens but once, in a man's life, if at all!

I was a new man. For a time, I stood 'redeemed, regenerated' from all the infirmities of my nature. I would have died for her, in a moment; but I resolved to live for her, and to gain wealth and honors to lay at her feet. Full of enthusiastic love and hope, I hastened to Salem, to pray my father's sanction of my choice. He gave it hesitatingly, on account of my youth; and spoke of marriage, as something that years might bring about.

My heart sank within me. Years! when moments were years? No! I could not endure such suspense. I could not sit calmly down, and see my whole garden of hope blasted by untimely frost. No! I determined to secure, while I might, the treasure offered to my hand; trusting in God, not to suffer us to starve while acting from his own most glorious attribute.

I loved her, and I married her. My family were rich; her's were poor. I had nothing; she had nothing; we lived together in spite of fortune, lovingly and happy, for a year; when God called her home.

A treasure so little valued, was recalled, that its loss might be estimated. A blessing so slighted was taken away; but *I*, alone suffered the privation. My heart dropped blood alone! And my life since that woeful day, has been a desert! A gleam of sunshine only showed me the wildness of the waste. Clouds and darkness have rested upon it.

## HYMN.

(IN SICKNESS OF BODY AND MIND.)

Oh! thou, who once didst touch the eye
That never saw, and light appeared,
Hear now my sad and hopeless sigh,
And point my vision heavenward.

Oh! thou, who once the halt and lame
Didst raise, restored to active life,
Invest me, trusting in thy name,
With power to mingle in its strife.

Oh! thou, who badest the light of mind
Return like morning's dawn, again;
Relume my light, and let me find
My station in the ranks of men.

Great source of good! Oh! touch my heart,
And living waters forth shall pour;
Then virtue to its stream impart,
And I, will tremble and adore.

In the spirit on the Lord's day! 23d Oct. '36.

## A VISION OF OLD TIMES.

H ——, and G ——, sat before the grate,
Puffing cigars, on a winter's night;
They rolled up their eyes, as if pondering fate;
Each a goblet in hand, where wine sparkled bright.

Such stillness prevailed, that a pin could'nt drop
Without shocking the ear, and starting the nerves;
The music of life had come to a stop,
And the dull round of business ran into curves.

Their eyes were obtuse; their light was extinct;
Their cheeks wan and seamy, with watching and care;
Their sum of existence reduced to *a think*,
And time, with his pounce-box, was powd'ring their hair.

But plainly I saw, in each well-known phiz,
That benevolence still claimed their hearts for its own;
Their proneness to sin, had passed off in a whizz,
And left them unscathed, sound to the back-bone!

At last, a bright thought gleamed out G——'s eye,
And forth from his lips, his cigarros he drew;
Raised his glass to his lips, and with a deep sigh,
Imbibed its rich contents, as earth drinks the dew.

He spoke!—brother H——, I have an idea,
Just hatched in my brain,—'tis yours, ere tis gone;
Let *us*,—when morning breaks, from brick dungeons flee,
And for duty and pleasure, go and see—'John!'

---

## TO G. C. W——— ESQ.

This Poem was composed after a considerable interval of sickness. My mind seems to have regained its powers, "*by jerks.*" It leaped *well*, when it made towards my *friend!*

Here's a *health* to thee, *dear George*,
My true and trusty friend,
Thine be the choicest gifts, that may
From bounteous Heaven descend;
A mind serene, a heart unseared
By misery's burning tear;
A hope of better things, *above*,
But *good*, while tarrying *here!*

For thou and I in days of yore,
Once "doffed the world aside,
And bade it pass;" while downward we
Rushed on its treach'rous tide;
But Providence did hold us up,
And saved us, ere we fell;
Even on the cat'ract's awful brink,
We 'scaped its yawning hell.

Therefore I love thee, brother —
For dangers we have passed;
Even in my brightest spot of mind,
Thy memory is glassed;
And if it pleases God, to cast
The dim reflector low,
Each shivered particle would still
Thy faithful image show.

---

## THE ANDES.

Bright pyramids of glory! props of Heaven!
First born of earth above the whelming flood;
How calmly have ye looked, from morn to even,
Or swept by tempests, drenched in human blood,
On the gay chivalry of martial Spain,
Taming the fiery horse, with ruthless hand;

Or, bright in armor, cruel and inane,
Spurning, with reeking hoofs, the thirsty sand.

Ye present witnesses of fiendish crime!
Eternal monuments of nations dead!
Who, that e'er sees thy pinnacles sublime,
But waits the advent of th' avenger dread;
Lo! on thy summits stalks the demon forth,
And, in the lightning's flash makes bare his arm;
Or shakes, in horrid wrath, th' affrighted earth,
Or lights the vault of heaven, with fierce alarm.

*Will* come? — he *has* come! God's awakened ire
Has burst, in fury, on the guilty land;
And the destroyer's race, who quenched the fire,
That warmed the cottage of the Indian band,
Lies low, and festering in its bloody shroud;
While the fell demon, Discord, tramps the earth,
And Montezuma, from his throne of cloud,
Shouts vengeance on the proud — the spoilers of his hearth.

## THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

### A BALLAD.

I.

THERE were zephyrs from the land,
And moonlight on the sea;
The tiny billows rolled in gold,
And hymned their minstrelsy.

II.

A boat comes to the shore—
'T is full of gallant men;
And swiftly dashed the sparkling oar,
As they neared their homes again.

III.

It is the month of May,
Of roses and of bloom;
A dewy freshness fills the air,
And stirs its rich perfume.

IV.

A solemn stillness reigns!
No songster swells its throat,
Save melancholy "whip-poor-will,"
Who tunes his pensive note.

V.

The boat grates on the sand;
The seamen's voyage is o'er.
Quickly they leap upon the strand,
And press their native shore.

VI.

*Tom Tough* goes to his home;
He threads the silent streets;
The watchmen mark his rapid stride,
None other man he meets.

VII.

He lifts the well-known latch;
He stands upon his hearth!
Home of his age and infancy,
Of life and love, the birth.

VIII.

There's a lady, fast a-sleep,
Two babes are in her arms —
A boy hangs fondly on her neck,
And clasps her bosom's charms.

IX.

A little one was there,
That Tom ne'er saw before;
But 'all the mother,' graced its face,
He loved *that* child the more.

X.

A tear stole down Tom's cheek,
A prayer was in his heart;
'*My God! I bless thee!*' swelled his throat,
But tears no sounds impart.

XI.

Tom kneeled beside the bed,
And raised the mother's hair —
Oh! how he kissed that golden lock,
So flowing and so fair.

XII.

But hush! the sleeper dreams!
Her lips begin to move:
'May God my husband bring again,
My only—only—love.'

XIII.

Let's off! and leave Tom there,
He stands on sacred ground;
A *father* in his happy *home!*
Can holier bliss be found?

---

## SHE WEPT FOR ME!

She wept for me! I saw the tear
Steal slowly down her pallid cheek;

I saw her eyes upraised, in prayer,
And oh! how fond, subdued and meek!

Methought an angel watched my bed;
That Mercy's self bowed o'er my frame,
And pillowed in her arms my head;
Oh then, is woman's love, a *name*?

A name! forgive the dastard thought!
Dear girl, my very pulse of heart;
Never, no! never! is forgot,
Thy constant love, till *death doth part!*

---

## THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS AND VIRTUE.

I saw him on the mountain's side,
Guiding the lowing herd's return;
And in the valley's verdant pride,
Wielding the scythe in silence stern.
I saw him as he tended home,
In meditation, fix'd and sad;
But high resolve did often come,
To cheer th' aspiring cottage lad.

I saw him in the silent night,
O'er the pale lamp in pensive thought;
And genius shed its halo bright,
As learning's sacred tomes he sought.
I marked his bosom's gen'rous swell,
When humble effort won the prize;
Or lowly virtue cast a spell,
To fix the world's admiring eyes.

I saw him in the silent fane,
The consecrated home of lore,
First of his class, in worth and name,
And knowledge oped to him its store.
I saw him, next, in sacred halls,
Where Justice poised her equal scale;
Friend of the poor! oppression falls
Subdued — and good men cry 'all hail!'

Next, in the Senate he presides;
Among the dignitaries — chief.
Wealth opes its store, and envy hides
Its sneer malign, in rev'rence brief.
A glorious future becks him on,
How far — how great — to know, who can?
Let's leave him in the field he won,
Where acclamations crown — the 'MANN.'

## MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

### A BALLAD.

A joyous group together met,
And lights glanced gaily thro' the hall;
The sun had made a glorious set,
Soft music piped; — a marriage ball.

Old age renewed its wonted youth,
And youth its proudest charms displayed;
The blushing maidens plighted truth,
And sighed, to think *their* joys delayed.

The bridegroom proudly passed along
The brilliant circle of the fair,
Where beauty touched the harp in song,
Or laughing, waved her glossy hair.

The bride, like snow-drop, sat serene,
A tear half stealing to her eye,
As, musing on the glowing scene,
She thought o'er all her infancy.

The parents pledged the gen'rous wine,
Their hands fast locked in friendly clasp ;
And ancient maids resolved to *shine*,
Held patient listeners in their grasp.

No face of gloom, no sombre shade,
Clouded the scene of revelry ;
But love and mirth, in charms arrayed,
Renewed the 'age of chivalry.'

'T is done ! the happy pair are one !
A rapid glance confessed the tie ;
Oh ! is there e'er beneath the sun,
An hour of higher ecstasy ?

The song is o'er — the guests are gone ;
Husband and wife lie, side by side ;
Deep silence reigns throughout the dome,
And wealth is musing on his pride.

But hark ! what fearful shriek was there ?
Piercing the night's dull ear, with dread !
The last, fierce accents of despair —
The wife's mad requiem o'er the dead !

Her love lies weltering in his gore ;
The tide of life flows fast and free ;

The bridal couch is red, all o'er!
Oh! who can tell her misery?

He dies! — the eve, his marriage pride;
The morn, looks coldly on his corse;
Where shall we seek the crazed bride?
Where the wind whistles, sad and hoarse,

On the lone beach, beside the wave
That dashes madly on the sand —
Nor prayers, nor tears her life could save;
She falls! her *own* the deadly hand!

*Note.* The husband burst a blood-vessel, and died instantly.

---

## AMES' GRAVE.

THE LATE J. W. AMES, OF DEDHAM.

The sun had set in golden light,
And sober evening slow descends;
Fair nature murmurs calm delight,
The lark his latest carol lends.

The dew falls freshly on the sod,
The flowers exhale a rich perfume:

All earth proclaims a present God!
I stand and weep o'er Ames' tomb!

Friend of my soul! could nothing save
Thy early honors' withering blight?
Could wit nor worth ne'er charm the grave,
And bid it spare a mind so bright?

Alas! 't was never meant for earth,
But glowed, untouched with mortal leaven;
Matured so soon, another birth
Raised it, angelic, fit for heaven!

We, who now stand repining here,
O'er thy deplored and early fate,
Had we thy light, would shed no tear,
Unless to mourn we stay so late!

Stay *here!* where envy casts its sneer
On all, who rise above its stand;
Where meanness freezes hard the tear
Of generous thought, with open hand.

Here, where the sordid claim regard!
The wealthy fools, a motley crew!
The groveling sot, and spotted pard—
The hypocrite—submission due!

No! let us off, to dwell with thee!
With honor, feeling, wisdom, truth;
And let our last thanks-giving be,
That Heaven claimed us — *in our youth!*

---

## EARLY INSTRUCTION.

*(Written at Mr. Knapp's school, in Salem; aged* 15.*)*

'Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined.'
'T was thus the poet sung; and thus, we find,
If prone to earth the infant stalk we train,
Nor height, nor glory will it e'er attain;
But, if its tender years erect we guide,
'T will be the garden's or the forest's pride!

---

## THE DUEL.

A GROUP of men stand on a beach,
Where the white breakers dash and foam —
Hear ye the sea-gull's fearful screech,
Careering high above his home?

The lists are marked upon the sand,
  While one, a youth, stands pensive there;
A pistol rests upon his hand;
  He thought! perchance he mused a prayer!

Another, elder far, stood near;
  He seemed in haste to drink of blood—
A man without a sigh or tear,
  Stern and sedate—he eyed the flood.

That morn, within the city's gate,
  A lovely fair one wept, alone!
In vain she strives her grief to sate,
  By gazing on a sculptured stone.

'T is of a youth! in whose dull eye,
  No living light, like hers, there beamed;
But, in voluptuous features, lie
  The sinful thoughts *her* slumbers dreamed.

The waves roll calmly to the strand,
  A death-like silence else prevails;
Hark! hear that shot! upon the sand
  Low sinks the youth, with piteous wails.

There let him lie! a lifeless corse,
  Accursed by man and 'God-forsaken!'

The murderer flies; his wife's sad hearse
Wends to the grave; where will she waken!

---

## THE FRENCHMAN TALKING ENGLISH.

Two Monsieurs, pacing through the street,
Eyeing the pretty girls they meet,
With wink, and ogle, and grimace,
Prying into each blushing face —
Bethought them it was time to prove
That they could talk, as well as love.
Says one (in French,) let's show these folk
How *foreign* English should be spoke;
They think we cannot talk like them,
And therefore scorn us, pshaugh! — ahem!
With that, his shoulders touch his ears;
He grinned so fierce, he started tears.

'Well,' said the other in his lingo,
'You spick him fuss — me nex — by jingo!'

'Done,' said his friend, and looked 'quite wise,'
As an approaching crowd he spies.

'Dare! now de time! pegin, pegin!
Strain all de narve to mak sum din:'

'Hush! let me spick!' his friend replied,
And gasped as if he just had died:
When out it came! 'Did 't rain tomorrow?'
Answer — 'It vas, sare, to me sorrow!'

---

## THE OLD HOUND IN A PIG-STYE.

An ancient hound, who oft had made
The welkin ring, and scoured the glade,
Fell sick; o'erdone with constant toil,
And slept all seasons in a coil.
His legs were lame, his senses dull,
And his long ears the urchins pull.

His friends, belonging to the pack,
Consulted o'er his shivering back,
What could be done in his sad case,
(The tears fast falling down each face;)
One proffered this, another that,
To rouse his 'spunk,' and make him fat.
But all their heads were wagged apace
At every project, with grimace.

At last an old sly hound with tears,
(He was a fellow gray with years,)

Proposed, as the most proper station,
To give him ease and daily ration,
The pig-stye !—famed for warmth and slops,
Wherein to feed and lick his chops.
The other hounds all bow submissive,
To judgment so profound, decisive ;
And at the word the poor old hound
Was led by both ears to his pound ;
Tumbled head foremost 'mongst the grunters,
And left to curse the cruel hunters.

There some few days in pensive mood,
To save his life, he lapped his food ;
But all his fiercest pride uprose
Against such *friends* — the worst of foes.
He daily pined with wrath and tears,
As loud without the pack he hears,
And scents the game in every wind
That comes where he is close confined.

One morn when frost had seared the ground,
The huntsman came to feed the hound ;
He came too late ! for there he laid —
His feet for shame crossed o'er his head,
That none his agony might view,
As near him passed the loud ' halloo'—
Dead ! his last struggle marked his face,
'T was fierce ! Poor victim of disgrace !

## FRENCH — ENGLISH.

A FRENCHMAN, just in England landed,
Roamed over London empty handed.
Poor Monsieur's fate! his wondering eyes,
The living mass view with surprise;
All deep intent on business, pleasure,
Straining their tendons without measure.
He lost his way, and asked in French
Of every laborer in the trench,
To set him right; none understand,
And turn a deaf ear to command.
Whereat he thinks he'll try some English,
(Picked up on ship-board,) to distinguish
His efforts to gain information,
And get where he could 'take his ration.'
He meets a porter, glum and solemn,
Straining beneath a pond'rous volume;
Confronts the man, and holds a button,
While thinking o'er the word for mutton;
At last he speaks, 'twixt 'hem' and 'ham,'
'Yes sare — rost biff — Jean Bull — cot dam.'

## A FANCY SKETCH.

A BELLE in her boudoir, deep musing, reclined;
Her robe, loosely bound, her fair bosom confined:
But her heart, throbbing fast, its white loveliness showed,
And her pale cheeks were wet with her tears as they [flowed.

The door opens gently; a man enters there!
Gigantic his form, and foreign his air;
A smile tinged with sadness just mantled his cheek;
He kneeled before beauty — in vain could he speak.

A waive of the hand; a faint voice says, 'depart!'
He bows in submission, but points to his heart;
Again a fair finger directs to the door,
He clasps her white hand and springs to the floor!

A knife glances fiercely and quick in the air,
While o'er his dark features come clouds of despair;
A moment, his eyes on her loveliness rest,
The next, his life's current spouts red from his [breast!

One shriek, fierce and terrible fills the saloon!
The lady in agony sinks in a swoon;

His blood dyes her robe, his sighs rend her ear,
And madly she springs from the weapon so near.

He comes! her dear father rushes with speed,
The weapon is his, ere his sole daughter bleed;
One foot on the ruffian he stamps in his wrath,
Then withers like weed; his strength like a lath!

---

## WASHING-DAY AND THE 'HYPO.'

The morn, how dark and dread to me;
All bright without, all gloom within;
My love ere peep of day I see,
With half-shut eyes commence the din.

My children, roused from quiet sleep,
Look wondering on the raging scene;
Shivering, they set them down to weep,
And so do I, for spite, I ween.

My gentle woman, who, six days
Of happy weeks so jolly sings,
On *this* sad day forgets her ways,
And soap and suds about her flings.

In vain I fly! I hear the roar
Of distant storm, where'er I go;
Like billows plashing on the shore,
Or Niagara's thundering flow.

I grasp a cup of generous wine,
To soothe the tempest of my soul;
In vain; my hearing grows more fine,
Loud and more loud the thunders roll.

O'erwhelmed with grief I go to bed,
And hope to find some comfort there;
But plash! plash!—throbs my aching head;
I grind my grinders in despair.

Even in my dreams I scrub and scour;
My carcass seems like heaps of clothes;
Oh! how I turn and count the hour,
Ere respite comes to eyes, ears, nose!

---

And nought was everything, and everything was nought!—*(Southey burlesqued.)*

## THANKSGIVING HYMN.

GREAT Parent of thy children here,
And good as great, we bow the knee,
Owning our failings with a tear;
Yet trusting in thy clemency.

Again our fast-revolving days
Bring in the Autumn's golden store;
Bountiful God! how kind thy ways:
Oh! hear our thanks! we joy, adore.

To Thee we owe protracted life; [er.
To Thee our health, and strength and pow-
Thy mercy watched our eager strife,
And gave success in hopeless hour.

Let us our joyful off'rings bring
To altars pure, and muse thy word;
Thy goodness own, thy bounty sing—
With humble hearts praise we the Lord!

## HYMN.

### IN GREAT MISERY!

In lowest depths of hopeless woe,
To Thee, Great God, I fly!
Contrition by my tears I show,
My prayers, by suppliant eye.

No refuge hope on earth remains;
My last frail stay is gone!
To Thee alone, I lift my chains,
Abandoned — prostrate — lone!

If, to thine ever watchful ear,
Comes up the raven's cry,
Look down on me! and hear, oh hear!
Sustain me, or I die!

Forget the follies of the past,
Forgive, forgive, the debt
Of hopes dissolved, and treasures cast
Away. Oh save me yet!

On Thee I rest mine anchored soul,
Thou 'Rock of Ages,' sure:

Rebuke the billows as they roll,
And life and hope restore!

*Note.* Never was prayer more immediately or more gratefully answered! I had hardly finished this Hymn, when I received a letter, enclosing fifteen dollars, from that most excellent lady, Mrs. Ames, formerly of Dedham, then of Lowell. She has since died; and she has now gone where her charity to me, and to many, many more, is repaid a thousand fold. I remember that when I opened her welcome letter, and saw its contents, I felt that never again, so long as I lived, would I distrust the goodness of a beneficent God! and I never have, and never will, till I look up in this world no more!

---

## THE SUNFLOWER AND THE DAISY.

WITHIN a garden's walled retreat,
A sun-flower towered in pride of place;
A modest daisy graced its feet,
And veiled in shade its blushing face.

One summer's day the sun-flower drooped
Its lofty head, with heat o'ercome;
And saw the daisy, as he stooped,
Happy and sheltered from the sun.

This touched his pride; and so he raised
His golden front, and looked around;
Yet still upon the daisy gazed,
Lowly, but sprightly, weak, but sound.

Soon in the west a mustering cloud
Rose, black as night, with awful power;
The thunders rolled, sublime and loud,
And horror seized the lofty flower.

The humble daisy closed its leaf,
And calmly watched the coming storm,
Hiding its head in moss beneath;
But pitied still its friend's alarm.

The tempest broke in dreadful might,
And fierce winds whistled round the spot;
At mid-day comes a sudden night,
And pride in terror is forgot.

In vain the sun-flower strove to meet
The rushing blast; upturned, he fell!
A mighty ruin! at his feet
The sheltered daisy tolls his knell.

Go! and let others learn, how sure
Pride and contempt receive their doom;
While modest merit shall endure
And flourish in its happy home.

## THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.

I look from my window with red, weeping eye;
No green, sunny glade or streamlet is there;
Rocks, hoary and dark, and a cold, cheerless sky —
Ah, how cold is my heart; how black my despair!

Some sheep, slow and silent, wander for food;
A few stinted trees bend low to the blast;
The frost's sparkling atoms gleam on the sod,
And earth at its own sombre hue stands aghast!

No bird o'er the ruin soars in the light;
The poor frozen robin moans faint and forlorn,
That his summer is o'er, and dark winter's night
Has come frightful down, ere he caroled its morn.

High in air rides the eagle, hungry and fierce;
His bright, fiery eye looks cruel and fell,
Like some foreign assassin — aiming to pierce
His victim, with visage gleaming of hell!

At night the dread screech-owl utters his cry,
Or night-hawk screams out his murderous note;

Or the fox at his burrow turns his red eye
Around in despair, and howls in his throat.

The savor of skunks perfumes the chill air;
The roar of the tempest is heard in the dell;
'T is the home of the sick, the den of despair!
To beasts 't is a covert, to man it is *hell!*

*Note.* I found it so, as I shall not soon forget.

---

## DELIVERANCE.

Hark! hark! I hear the rapid wheels
Roll o'er the frozen ground;
Again my lonely bosom feels
Old joys, reviving round.

It comes! it comes! deliverance comes!
From my captivity;
No more mine enemies shall doom
My early prime to die!

Ope wide the gate! my champion 's come!
A man of nerve and soul;
Run all! my wife and children run!
And stay his onward roll.

'T is I! I'm here in 'durance vile;'
Oh! stop, and rescue give;
For life! for life! I'll crawl a mile,
To clasp one friend and live!

For death and I these many days,
Have fierce in conflict stood;
But heaven hath heard my lowly praise,
And spared my worthless blood.

He stops! he comes! I know his face,
So lofty and so mild;
'T is ———! I rush to his embrace,
And weep, like any child!

---

## HUMAN LIFE.

I stood upon Mount Holyoke's brow,
And looked down on the vale below;
A garden, blushing with the dyes
That tint, at eve, the summer skies,
Rich in the waving grass and corn,
To fill brown Autumn's plenteous horn.
The song of happy toil ascends,
As every breeze its perfume lends,

And, mingling with the winged choir,
Teaches the heart to love, adore.

I stood upon Nantasket's height,
When flying clouds obscure the light;
And saw the breakers rise, sublime,
Bursting in thunder on the slime:
The startled pebbles lift their voice,
The rushing waves in foam rejoice —
Hastening their union with the main,
As children seek their homes again;
But o'er the surge the petrel sails,
Emblem of hope! — and sounds his wails.

Now this is life — our youth, our age!
'T was mine —'t is yours! take counsel, sage;
And learn that joy is for an hour,
But sorrows ever o'er us lower;
Till Heaven opes its golden gate,
Admitting all who humbly wait!

---

## THE ELEPHANT AND THE MONKEY.

Once on a time I went to see
'A show of beasts' in slavery;

Caught in the forest or the fen,
The wretched tools of savage men.
The Lion pranced his iron cage,
The Tiger yelled his hideous rage;
The Wild-cat glanced his restless eye,
The Panther growled his misery.
All but the Monkey fierce repined,
To be by cruel fate confined.
He, jolly, senseless, chattering fool,
Was the true 'stoic of the school!'
He grinned, curvetted, frisked, as gay
As lambkin, in the month of May;
Or, with a careless air surveyed
His brother beasts, and scratched his head;
Or calmly wiped his mouth with tail,
And looked around a brisk 'all hail!'

The solemn, thinking Elephant
Observed and heard his chattering rant
With lofty scorn. 'Oh fool!' he said,
And wagged with sneers his wiser head;
'Too weak, to know, or feel the shame,
That blasts for aye, a prisoner's name!
Fit subject of one like thyself
In person, mein, and love of pelf!
Thou scorn of that far nobler race,
Who feel captivity disgrace!

And in the midst of luxury know
Themselves but spectacles of wo!
Learn that to wise ones, joy can't be
Without their birthright liberty!
All else is nought! a slave? how base!
Behold the tears course down a face
(Ne'er used to the melting mood,)
Whene'er in thought I roam the wood
That first my infant weakness saw,
Where thou hung dangling by a paw!
'T is there alone I live or sleep;
Elsewhere, I only know, to weep!'

---

## TO THE MEMORY OF S. P. H——K, ESQ. &c.

ALTERED (A LITTLE,) FROM MASON.

DOES youth, does genius read the pensive line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak censor Silas! breathe a strain divine!
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
In duty's steady course as meekly move;

And if as wise, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship and as fond in love.

Tell them, though 't is an awful thing to die,
As 't was to thee, yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the 'pure in heart' behold their God!

*Note.* An admirable character, this S. P. H.! To the playfulness and purity of an infant, he united the wit, the humor, the thought, the piety of a refined and christian *man*. Without money, when I knew him best, he was the most generous man in the world. At the very moment he was himself suffering privations, by reason of nearly empty pockets, he would give his last cent to an appeal of poverty. Misfortunes smote him, but he repelled them instantly. His panoply of good humor was invulnerable; and the only thing he ever did in his life to grieve his friends, he did last — when he died! If HE did not go to Heaven, then Heaven must be a dull place. At any rate, I should feel secure, to know that hereafter I shall be in his society. He could make a tolerable Heaven anywhere!

---

## THE WIDOW C., AND HER SON CLIFF.

THE widow C. had a son called Cliff,
He was her darling child;
She, keen as briar, exceeding 'stiff,'
In methodism, wild.

She had also, of 'rhino' much,
Laid up in choicest store,
For darling Cliff, that none could touch,
While it was hatching more.

Now, Cliff was 'something below par,'
That is, was 'rather flat;'
He saw, but could'nt see so far,
As some folks; you take that?

Well, widow C. (upon a time,
When counting o'er her money;)
Bethought, as bricks required lime,
So Cliff did matrimony.

Upon th' idea she called him in,
And took her easy chair,
Prepared to give his ears a din,
*i. e.* 'be in his hair.'

Cliff entered, scratching of his head,
And yawning from a nap,
And found his mother's face quite red;
The Bible in her lap.

He kneeled before her rev'rend face,
With open mouth and eye,
And looked like parson saying 'grace,'
Or, an 'anatomy!'

For he was tall, and lean also,
His legs vied with a spider;

His hair was white as dirty snow,
  His face the hue of cider.

For Cliff did take a quiet mug,
  All slily now and then;
He never went to shop with jug,
  But sent by other men.

Well, widow C. sat all serene,
  Upon her great arm chair;
Her chin, was sharp, her visage keen,
  And somewhat seamed with care.

'Oh! Cliff! the solemn time has come,
  When you are doomed to marry;
And give 'our house' a little son,
  If matters don't miscarry.

'Our family must be kept up,
  You are the one to do it;
And shall! or with the devil sup,
  Do it, or you shall rue it.'

Now Cliff was all obedience,
  And promised fair and easy;
He had in grace, what lacked in sense,
  But 'courting' made him wheezy.

No matter! he had said 'he would,'
Enough! the thing was settled
As Mrs. C. had fixed it should,
Though Cliff felt 'rather nettled.'

Well, Sunday came, he went at eve,
To see a neighbor's daughter;
The very lass his ma'am would leave
Out of the pale, or slaughter.

She knew it not! that is 'the where,'
The 'when' was clear before her;
She sat up anxious in her chair,
And tremors oft came o'er her.

'T was one o'clock, but Cliff came not,
Two, three, a frosty morning!
At four, the wakeful widow thought
'T was time to be adorning.

Just then, a knock! and Cliffy came,
All 'limpsey,' pale and haggard;
The widow thought he looked quite tame,
And chuckled in her gizzard.

'Well Cliff, sit down my darling boy,
And tell me, how you speeded;'

Cliff looked the antipode of joy,
And ne'er his mother heeded.

The vexed woman tried again,
'Now Cliff do tell me darling;
Did you get through without much pain,
Or tremble like a starling.'

'Get through! yes faith,' gruff Cliff replied,
And grinned so sly and finny;
'Get through, by jinks,' and then he sighed,
'Yes! through the window, ninny!'

---

## SHE LOVES ME NOT.

For Mr. ———.

'She loves me not,' oh! words that fire
My lonely bosom with a h—ll;
'She loves me not,' oh! sentence dire,
That breaks so long, so dear 'a spell.'

How blindly have I onward pressed,
In fond delusion to the brink
Of that dread gulf, where perished, rest
The hopes I madly dared to think.

Could I not see in her dull eye,
The selfish, cold and treacherous wile,
Like baleful meteor in the sky,
When I adoring, kneeled the while.

Oh, fool! to trust a heart like thine,
In keeping of so false a thing;
Who barters love, love so divine,
For any spurious coins that 'ring.'

A counterfeit! reject the slave,
And seek anew a heart to love;
Rend off her chains, and nobly brave
The sneers of fools by thoughts above.

---

## GENIUS.

I saw the wild horse of the plain,
Reckless of rider, and of rein,
With fiery nostril open wide,
Bound o'er the sands with untamed pride;
His flowing mane streamed in the wind
As fast he left the chase behind:
And his stern bosom burned with shame,
Whene'er he heard the hunter's game;

But while he urged his winged force,
The fatal pit-fall stops his course;
Ingulphed he sinks, subdued by guile,
Where power availed not for a while.

I saw a meteor leave the skies,
Tracing its passage as it flies
With brilliant streams of living light;
All startle at the stranger bright!
But ere its transit men can mark,
'Tis lost, in clouds portentous dark;
A faint explosion notes its end,
A few bright sparkles downward tend;
And gazers ponder that so soon
Is passed its rise and fatal noon;
A moment's wonder! rapid, bright
It glanced; and all again was night.

Inscribed to H. M., Esq.

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## 'BOAST NOT THYSELF OF TO-MORROW.'

The storm came down the vaulted skies,
Blackness of darkness blinds the eyes
Of trembling gazers; hushed beneath,
All still is mountain, forest, heath;

The flocks and herds crouch down with dread ;
The towering pine-top bows its head,
In warning of the rushing storm ;
Vexing all nature with alarm.

Far off is heard the tempest's moans,
And earth replies, responsive groans,
A fearful howling of the wind,
While desolation toils behind.
Hamlet and cottage strew the plain,
O'erthrown and deluged by the rain ;
Fierce screams the demon of the blasts,
As his fell eyes around he casts,
And sees the ruin of his track,
The farm-house low ; the ship a wreck ;
The hope of labor lost, o'erthrown ;
The song of promise turned a groan ;
And many a weary day and night
Of cold repining o'er his blight.

And is not this life's living scene ?
'T was mine ! it may be yours, I ween.
But he who 'set his bow in cloud,'
May spare, but speak he will, aloud ;
Hear him ! and live to him alone ;
Oh ! may he touch thine heart of stone.

## THE DESERT OF LIFE.

The traveler on the desert's sand,
Lonely and separate from the band
That started on their weary way
Ere yet the sun led up the day,
Spreads forth his hands and eager eye
Some fount of water near to spy.
A brilliant phantom meets his view;
A lake expands its liquid blue;
He sees the ripple of the wind,
The silver foam that rolls behind;
He hears the dash of bursting wave
On the lone beach; and stoops to lave
His body in the grateful stream:
Alas! what anguish wakes his dream!
'Tis all illusion! the hot sand
But burns his weak and trembling hand;
He grasps in mad despair his throat,
And dying, hears the vulture's note;
Before he sinks to endless rest,
Its beak is blood-stained in his breast!

My life, is on the sterile plain!
Alone, abandoned, weak, in pain;

No friend, companion, cheers the way,
I feel, intolerable day;
Bereft of every earthly hope,
At mercy's fount, I lowly stoop;
In vain; no living stream distills
Its gracious drops, in sparkling rills;
I grasp the sand, and dying see
My foe survey my misery!
Malign, triumphant, fierce and fell,
The visage gleams perpetual hell.

---

## A NEW INFLICTION.

This was his last and fatal stab,
He closed his eyes and 'held his gab;'
Till death in pity touched his heart;
'T was ice before! let him depart!
Poor fellow! not an eye was there,
To shed one tear, or look one prayer!

But when the balmy spring descends
And once again its beauty lends
To teeming nature; some lone jay
With motley coat, will pensive pay
A visit to his grassy grave,
His well-known charity to crave!

No other friend kneels weeping by!
Not one laments him, with a sigh!

---

## HIS GRAVE.

Within a calm and sunny dell,
Where nature tuned her sylvan shell,
Just where the forest waved its bough,
An humble tomb-stone rose below.
It told of one whom cruel fate
Spared but a short and hapless date;
Bereft of hope, he died to find
That solace of th' afflicted mind.

And here he rests! silent, alone!
None come to read his lettered stone.
By all forsaken, here he sleeps,
Nor wife, nor sister o'er him weeps.
The solemn dirge of nature sighs
A requiem, o'er the place he lies;
Perhaps some songster of the grove.
Selects this spot, to sing of love.

For he loved madly and too well;
On earth, his doom was falsehood's hell;

In Heaven he hoped true love to find,
And died, such vision on his mind.

But stay! a female lowly kneels!
Her sobs disclose the grief she feels;
She clasps his stone — not half as cold
As her lone heart not yet 'grown old.'
But who could come, so sad, alone,
Of all the world's fantastic throng,
To mourn the loss of one so low?
His sister? leads the ball's gay show;
His wife? she wept and wed another;
Who seeks such musing but a *mother!*

And I have none; ah! wo is me,
No tears flow for me when I die!
On my cold grave, by moonlight, far,
Looks down serene the evening star;
Emblem of hope — that, ages past,
I reach a home of love at last.

---

Oh God! having dashed from my grasp the cup of earthly pleasure, give me to drink of the fountain of living waters, that flows at the foot of the cross of Jesus Christ. — Hear, oh! hear.

## A PRAYER.

Oh, God of Power! on Sinai's height
Thy awful presence none could see;
But only felt celestial light,
And drooped before its brilliancy.

Let a subdued and veiled ray
Pierce the dark dungeon of my mind;
Pouring a mild and joyous ray,
Where my sad heart has long repined.

Lo! how I kneel, and lowly weep
O'er hopes dissolved, and pleasures past;
No day of hope or night of sleep,
For each is patterned by the last.

The sun all glorious mounts the skies,
And nature warms, and melts, and glows;
Where all rejoice, I turn my eyes
Within, and see perpetual snows.

For I was blighted ere my prime!
Withered and blasted in the leaf,
No blossom came amidst the rime;
But worm and canker marked my death!

And now I die, forlorn and lone,
My branches whistle in the wind;
That sweeping by, with piteous moan,
Tells the grim visitor, behind.

Then I'll look up! my God! my God!
Give me to hear thy soothing voice;
Ere yet my bosom bears the sod,
One moment, bid my soul rejoice.

---

## HEAVEN.

Hark! hark! what sound swells in mine ear,
So low, yet so distinct, I hear
Each thrilling note! it is a dream?
That comes ere morning's wakeful beam?

Again! the softest melody
Pours like a rill of sympathy
Upon my aching sense and heart;
And angels whisper, 'come, depart!'

It is the herald angel's song!
He comes t' avenge my fatal wrong;
To take me from dull earth away,
And lift me into ceaseless day.

And his the harp that ever sings,
(Where seraphs stand with veiled wings,)
Praises and prayers before the throne
Of Light intense — the God alone!

I mount on buoyant clouds above,
To realms of rapture and of love;
And oh! among the saints, I see
My long-lost love, to welcome me!

*Note.* When I was lying in the M'Lean Hospital, in Boston, 'cut adrift from all the world,' the music of a band awoke me, in the dead of night. It played, 'Oft in the stilly night!' I thought myself in Heaven! Remembering the emotions of that night, a year afterwards I wrote the above Poem.

## SONG.

Love must have something to live by!
He cannot live on airy fancies,
On silent vows and secret glances;
He pines on unsubstantial sighs,
And droops in the light of beaming eyes.
The honied mouth and rosy smile,
The song, and dance, and playful wile,
The snowy neck and icy breast,
Are all an unsubstantial feast.
Love must have something to live by!

What must Love have to live by?
The moonlit bower and stolen meeting,
Palm clasped to palm in tender greeting,
Warm, rosy cheeks together pressed,
Fond hearts, with mutual throbbings blest!
Soft lips, exchanging honey dew,
And touches, ever thrilling, new;
Sighs, that express restrained desire,
Tears, that add fuel to the fire
Raging within, beyond control,
And melting, yet transports the soul —
Such is the fare love lives by!

## IN DANGER OF STARVATION.

Great God! who hears the ravens cry,
And sendest down their welcome food,
Less than the birds of air, am I?
Or less deserving of thy good?

I famish! and oh! not alone,
My children cry and pine for bread;
Wilt thou for bread give us a stone?
Or fill our hearts with hopeless dread?

We perish! hear us, oh! our friend;
The last we have, the greatest, best,
Thy goodness show — thy bounty lend,
Or take us to thy place of rest.

Afflictions sore we have sustained,
Nor murmured at thy chastening hand
Spare us a little — we are pained;
Oh! let our bark come safe to land.

But as thou wilt, oh! Father just!
We bow submissive to thy power;
We live by Thee, even as at first;
Thine is each day, and thine each hour.

H. W. Esq. was God's messenger of relief, and God bless his store

## THE CITY.

Rouse up my soul, what though the world
Wags its vain head at man's distress,
And sees destruction on thee hurled,
And dire affliction on thee press,

With eye unmoved, and cruel sneers;
Thou knewest it all, before it came;
Each loves himself, and keeps his tears
For his own misery and shame.

The love of gold hardens the heart;
Is it the God of this cold place?
Is it the unity here taught?
Th' acknowledged creed, that all embrace.

If so, why then a very few,
After this life in heaven sup;
They would not eat ambrosial dew,
But dig the golden pavement up.

## THE 'POOL OF BETHESDA.'

AROUND Bethesda's pool once lay
The sick, the impotent and lame;
Watching the angel's healing sway,
Waiting the moment when he came.

For, when celestial radiance beams
On the still waters' conscious breast,
A sovereign virtue filled its streams;
Who entered, found his woe redressed.

But wrath divine hath parched its tide;
The haughty city is o'erthrown;
The Arab roams a desert wide;
Bethesda's fountain is unknown.

Is there no more a healing spring,
Since Salem's Lord withdrew his light?
Doth not his angels downward bring
The balm of health, for misery's blight.

Oh! yes! that fountain never fails!
It flows, and ever still shall flow

From Jesus' wounds, for human ails,
Bathe ye, and all its virtues know.

---

## TO MODERN HOMER.

Most rev'rend, grave, and potent Homer!
My friend, (if that is no misnomer?)
I pine to see thy welcome face,
Within my present resting place.

I have 'on hand,' some goods and wares,
Wherein is wheat as well as tares;
Rhymes of all sorts, to sound a jingle,
To lull the ear; or make it tingle!
All cheap for cash; or credit good;
Yet cash is wanted to buy food,
For my wide pockets are 'quite lank;'
As any dungeon lonely, dank;
And therefore wait that prisoners come
To fill a while the vacant room.

If in your hand, any stray coin,
Is pledged to labour of the brain;
Set mine at work! nor let me starve,
While you the roasted turkey carve;

For I have mouth as well as you
To feed; give ear! my friend, adieu.

---

## THE CONVERSION.

Jack Jovial led a jolly life,
He'd wine, and friends, and cash, and wife;
He parted, liberal his store,
Feasted and made the table 'roar.'
All loved his song, and jest, and tale,
And laughing, gave him brisk 'all hail!'
His days were full of mirth and glee,
His nights a constant revelry.
It happed, in time, that he was ill,
And changed the grape for odious pill;
He lost his reason and his cash,
And all desire to 'cut a dash;'
But, on an agonizing bed,
Pillowed his hot and aching head;
Revolving in his troubled mind,
The hours of mirth he'd left behind;
And daily trusting soon to see
Some friend, to soothe his malady.
Morn after morn, eve after eve
Came in sad change, to see him grieve;

But of his 'cronies' came not one;
He laid forsaken, all alone!
Chewing the cud of misery,
And hoping God would let him die!
In vain he thinks o'er all his joys
In time gone by! his soul it cloys;
'T is in his mouth like ashes, dust —
A spectre from its cerement burst;
A noxious exhalation from
The silent grave or festering tomb.
He bade the mocking fiend depart;
His icy fingers from his heart
Remove, and let him die in peace.
Stern heaven gave him no release,
But held Truth's mirror to his face.
He looked therein for the first time,
Since he arrived at manhood's prime.
Oh sight revolting to his sense!
The fumes of hell, sulphureous, dense,
Enveloped each remembered sight!
Cold waxed his heart — a sudden night
Fell chill upon his sinking soul!
He heard Times' breakers near him roll;
And madly rushed to plunge therein;
To 'scape a world of grief and sin!
But Providence, his rashness quelled;
And pitying his sad case withheld

His trembling hand, and o'er him threw
Its shield of mercy; gentle dew
Came down from heaven! soft and pure,
To bless, enlighten, melt and cure!
He looked, and saw an angel bright,
Kneeling beside his couch at night;
On her wan cheek, soft pity's tear,
Told of her anguish and her care;
A cordial to his quivering lip
She raised, and pleaded him to sip;
He drank! 'twas water from the fount
That once flowed free on Olives' mount!
'T was 'living water' pure, divine!
The gift of God! forever mine.

---

## 'A CASE' DECIDED.

My bark was wrecked; and on the tide,
By wind and wave, was drifting wide;
Her crew had taken to the boats;
Abandoned, shattered, there she floats!
And many a gallant ship passed by,
Nor signal of distress could spy;
Each moment deeper in the sea,
She 'settled;' none would succor me.

A modest little 'craft' came near;
Boarded, and pumped the water clear;
Took me 'in tow;' and safe on land,
My keel grates joyous in the sand;
Refits my hull, and clears my deck;
And makes staunch vessel, of the wreck!
Now, as I cannot 'salvage' pay;
It doth appear, as clear as day,
That she my owner, then must be!
I'm hers! by 'bond' and 'bottomry.'

---

## 'BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS!'

Once (in old Rome,) when lightning fell
On the tall column, scorched and riven;
'T was sacred; from the God of hell;
And man revered, as claimed by heaven.

What! shall the pagan fierce, inane,
A nobler conduct teach mankind?
Has christian light but dawned in vain
To sear and indurate the mind?

Who sees his neighbor stricken down,
Nor stoops to raise his fainting frame;

The rough stern Roman, would disown,
And stigmatize with public shame.

Servants of Christ! be yours the praise,
To lift the fallen, stay the low;
The humble sufferer to raise,
And thus by deeds superior show.

---

## TO ——.

'Don't wait for dead men's shoes!' a maxim!
And sound advice! why don't they tax 'em?
They have so raised the market price,
That none buy but the rich and nice.

The adage wont apply to me;
Because I have no legs, ye see!
Or rather have legs, but can't use 'em;
And therefore, where the use of shoes to 'em?

Still, when I sit all day confined,
To easy chair, with moping mind,
In faith! t'would raise a smile to cry,
Oh! brave bequest! a leg I see!

Aye, or a pair were better still,
To roam the meadow, climb the hill;
But, if I had my will t'would be,
A will of 'thousands' to 'John B.'

---

## TO SPLEEN.

Accursed viper of the mind,
Whose poison makes the wisest blind;
Freezes the heart, writhes round the soul,
Nor yields e'en to the opiate bowl.

How oft, on winter's night the fire
Of sacred home, burns fierce with ire?
How oft the couch of wedded bliss
Is frighted by thy venomed hiss;
Ye lurk within each joyous hour,
Like hornet in a fragrant flower,
And when we scent the rich perfume,
Thy sting is felt amidst its bloom.

At morn ye mar the matin meal,
At dinner, from roast pig, ye squeal;
At supper tasteless make the tea,
Ah! day and night is misery!

The soft caress, the pleasing jest,
Doth lose its charm ; its wonted zest ;
Nothing can cure the fell disease,
Nothing can move, subdue or please ;
Ye gnaw like serpent on the file ;
Music can't charm ye or beguile ;
The infants moan or sweet caress,
Fails even to move, much more to bless ;
One thing alone, thy 'stuff' can bend,
'Tis 'ratio ultima,' a good ropes' end!

---

## TO A 'QUACK.'

Oh! T———n! servant of the devil!
His agent in the work of evil!
From his red hand thy 'hot drops' came :
Thy 'steam' concocted in his flame ;
Thy 'worm-o-grissel' from 'the worm
That never dies' ; may 't round thee squirm!
Was 't not enough that calomel,
Daily sent hecatombs to h—ll?
That deadly lancet drained the veins :
Tartar emetic, tried the reins ;
Blisters consumed the living flesh!
All leagued confiding fools to mesh?

But thou must, (like the thief who prowls
On battle-field with furtive owls,)
'Step in' to strip and mar the slain;
Or put the wounded out of pain?
Behold! when the half scalded wretch
Comes from steam-bath in bed to stretch
His languid carcase, drenched, par-boiled,
Puffing just like a horse o'er soiled,
Thy future fate in realms below;
Unless a 'permit' thou can show,
To do h—ll's business here on earth,
And came here by a brimstone birth!
It must be so! thou son of Moloch!
That erst in h—ll thou sprang a burdock
For sin's scorched back, and thence transplanted
Grew up on earth a season granted,
To vex mankind for soul's repentance,
Thou hangman of celestial sentence!
Back to thy place! grim 'worm-o-grissel'
Or, wrath will chase thee with bull's pizzle;
Or men incensed, provide a stake,
And make thee thine own med'cines take!

## TO H—— W—— ESQ.

Dear sir, your christmas pie I tasted,
Aye, I may say most nobly feasted
On its rich contents — so well mingled,
That my sensorium fairly tingled.
I trust you like said pie may be,
Your pleasures, toils, in harmony;
The sweet for friends; acid for foes,
For both are needed as time goes;
Some pepper to defend the right,
And, salt to keep the wit e'er bright.
And, when a long life nobly past,
The relicts in the earth are cast,
The crust shall mix with kindred clod;
The soul, its contents, rise to God!

---

## ELIZA ——.

She lost her love! deep in the sea
He sleeps! what floods of misery,
O'erwhelmed with gloom her suffering mind!
She sat alone! hopeless, resigned!

No words bespoke her mental pain ;
No tears her cheek's white roses stain !
Even as a snow drop, droops in bloom,
We saw her wasting to the tomb !

Pensive she wandered on the beach,
And listened to the sea-gull's screech ;
Stood till the billows touched her feet ;
Started ! and her shrunk bosom beat,

With icy fingers ! then sat down,
Musing, upon some chalky stone ;
Her gentle head upon her hand
Declined ; the breeze her forehead fanned !

All day she sits ! and lists the roar
Of breakers booming on the shore ;
Inclines her ear, in hope his voice
Would come and her lone heart rejoice.

But, ah ! nor sight, nor sound, nor sense,
Can heal her wound ! nor pluck from thence
The fatal arrow in her heart !
No ! let her to her love depart !

*Note.* He fell overboard in the night when asleep, perhaps dreaming of her.

## TRUTH IN WINE.

Jack when his health and wine were bright,
Had friends enough! by day or night
His house was thronged; the hearty roar
Burst like the billows on the shore:
'Was ever a more clever fellow!
Bright when he 's calm; brightest when mellow!
Jack thought himself a demi-god;
He even did affect to nod;
And glowing with the gen'rous grape,
Paid with his cash, each jolly scrape;
Then sent his well-drenched party home,
'Choke full' of sherry, gin and rum!
Well, such high living could not last;
Poor Jack, sick, on his back was cast;
His song, and joke, and tale were o'er!
Like stranded vessel on the shore
Of life, he looked for friendly aid;
None came! all stood aghast! afraid!
He bore awhile the shivering shocks;
Then 'went to pieces,' on the rocks!
Let then a beacon near the spot
Be raised! that Jack be not forgot;

And on its front engrave this line,
'Truth' but not friendship 'lives in wine.

---

## THE 'POLITICIAN.'

Seated beside his well-filled desk,
He counts o'er all a parties risk;
Just as insurers ponder sage,
The perils of the oceans' rage.
Shall this man rise, the other fall?
This grace the chair, and that the hall?
Or, shall some other scarce-known wight
Rush, like an avalanche of might,
O'erwhelming the ignoble crowd
Who dare oppose his bearing proud?
He muses on each hope or chance;
Eying the air, with look askance;
Then fixed, resolved, a letter writes,
And A B's confidence invites;
Stating that 'heart and hand he goes
For A B; vengeance on his foes!
He, wool-dyed democrat, so pure,
Pledges his faith, his state's secure!
For, in his hand the party ties
Concentrate; who says other, lies!

He, holds the reins; and guides the course
Of brutal mob's insensate force;
And promises, for 'bonus good'
Between the parties understood,
To drive the ox-team of the state
Safely to barn of candidate!'
Such letter done, he draws a pen
To C D, 'first and best of men!'
Tells how 'declines' one A B's hope,
And recommends him hempen rope!
But on the other hand, C D
Flourishes like a pitch-pine tree!'
Advises that 'a score of libels,
Which fools believe more true than Bibles,
Be let off on vile A B's head;
And thus, politically dead,
And borne off the contested field,
His party to its foes must yield!
Offers to do the 'dirty work,'
And as a spy around to lurk,
Prying into opponent's ranks;
And hopes no more reward, but thanks!'
Thus having gained both rivals' ears,
He 'shirks,' and 'turns,' and 'twists,' while fears,
Constant invade his treach'rous mind;
That some spy waits disguised behind;

And sees, and knows, and tells his guile,
Yet meets him ever with a smile!
No sleep recruits his toil worn brain;
He 's fastened to 'a ball and chain,'
And drags, while thinking it unseen,
His own disgrace, with blushing mein:
The scorn of honor! laugh of sense!
'Our nation's,' 'bulwark and defence!'

---

## CHARITY.

'T is not the giving sordid gold,
For ostentation that can hold;
'T is not the eloquence of tongue,
Relating o'er a brother's wrong;
'T is not 'a drop in t' eye' to show
A sensibility to woe;
For that some pints of generous wine
Will call forth, maudlin, 'any time!'
It is to take him by the hand;
To raise him up, and make him stand;
To shield him from the piercing blast,
Until the storm of life is past.
And after, when his hope is faint,
To rouse his spirit, soothe complaint,

Lead him into some easy way,
Keep him therein, nor let him stray,
Until he sees before him stand
The guide-post to Immanuel's land.

---

## DUEL—NO DUEL.

'During the war,' a 'man of blood,'
An officer, from campaigns fled;
Because incensed by brandy's fuel,
He shot his best friend in a duel;
He sought asylum for his shame,
And so to country-town he came.
Seated within the tavern's door,
He smoked, and drank; took snuff, and swore:
No friends he had; no 'quaintance made;
He looked like one among the dead!
Grew cross and savage, and sedate,
As if he pondered 'fate—fixed fate.'
One day a blacksmith, somewhat 'corned,'
Among the shops, with smut adorned,
Appeared; and lounged in jolly trim,
His spirits running o'er the brim.
He wished to fight, and swaggered round,
Like mad-bull pawing up the ground.

At last, says one, 'D'ye see that man
Across the way? go! spill his can!'
Away went Mulciber undaunted,
Kicked o'er the grog, and asked 'what's wanted?'
'What's wanted! rascal! you shall see!
Just step this way, up stairs with me.'
And up they went, with rapid pace,
To captains' room; he red in face.
They entered; and he locked the door,
Opened his trunk; and 'gan explore.
Then forth he drew, savage and grim,
A pair of pistols charged to brim!
Gave one to blacksmith, took the other;
And said 'you die if 't was my brother!'
Mulciber took the tool in hand;
And a position made, a — stand!
Says he, look here, brave boy! you see
I don't much like such fun! but flee
I cannot! faith! for no man; so
Give out the word! and here we go!
If you kill me, why run my man!
But I'll shoot you sir, if I can!
So saying, with undaunted phiz,
He stood! to give and take a whizz!
With head erect, and outstretched arm,
His pulse not quickened by alarm;

Bold, undismayed; he felt sublime,
As he looked o'er the brink of time!
The soldier saw with gen'rous eye,
And felt within a sympathy
For one so noble! low, but grand!
Approached; and ardent clasped his hand;
'I'm in the wrong! I ask your pardon!
D—— me! come, be my friend! old hard one;
I love your 'pluck;' give us your paw;
Shut up, now! give me none of your jaw;
But wait till landlord brings some wine,
To drink 'our friendship through all time!' '

The blacksmith's name was S——, of N—th—n.

---

## CAIUS MARIUS.

I HAVE SEEN MARIUS SITTING AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

On prostrate column, he reclined,
Revolving in his troubled mind,
The fate of empires, and his own;
The city and himself, how lone!
Within her ancient walls, no more
Resound blithe echoes from the shore;

The busy mart of glorious days
Is silent! and the songs of praise
That once to Jove tumultuous rose
Are heard no more! no zephyr blows
Returning commerce to her quays;
No more her seamen, joyous raise
Exulting shouts of busy toils;
But silence reigns throughout her halls!
The fallen statesman gazed around!
Subdued by fate; by grief profound.
He too, once stood in haughty might;
He too, was great; and now his blight!
The scene of grandeur lost, o'erthrown,
Told of man's fortunes; and his own!
Once like a marble column tall,
He rose the chieftain of the hall;
And, listening senates heard, with dread,
Words, that made Roman hearts afraid:
Now, lone, abandoned, friendless, low,—
Blasted by Jove, a passing show,
He falls, a ruin! not a tear
Laments his fate; no friend is near!
But, can great Carthage be forgot,
While glory on the earth is sought?
Shall not her name immortal stand,
While stand the sea, or sky, or land?

Shall not the sons of future time,
Muse on her destiny, sublime?
And shall not man, a nobler thing,
Be borne along on glory's wing,
To ages yet and yet to come!
To many a greater than proud Rome?
Aye! even so! no time can mar
Trophies, carved out in glorious war;
Man dies; but leaves to deathless fame
A great, imperishable name!
More lasting than the noblest pile
That looks o'er ocean with a smile;
That cannot last! superior mind,
Illustrious deeds, no age can bind;
When Atlas sinks, and ocean dries,
Then, and then only, glory dies!

---

## A GREATER THAN MARIUS—WASHINGTON.

The Roman, when his labours o'er,
Died; and reposed on foreign shore;
He left a shadow of a name,
To fill the trump of common fame;
Valiant in arms, in action bold;
The virtues of the great of old.

In modern time there lived a man!
Modest, in manners mild; who ran
A nobler race; in virtue great!
The founder of a mighty state.
In the rough field, he nobly dared;
Subdued the foe; the victim spared;
No vast achievement crowned his arms;
Glory in war had never charms
To win him from his purpose vowed;
He scorned the plaudits of the crowd;
Looked down on breath of mortal praise,
But upward to celestial rays,
To crown at last, a glorious end;—
The freedom of his country gained!
'T was granted! and the sword he sheathed;
The warrior from his battles breathed;
He sought the sweets of calm repose;
Loved by the good; he had no foes;
By acclamation took the helm,
And ruled the Chieftain of the realm;
Reformed the state, and launched the bark
Of public safety, like the Ark,
To breast the storms of pride or power;
That when o'er other nations lower
A fatal 'avalanche' of their name,
His own preserved, might rise in fame;
And proudly amidst fallen thrones
Mark like a pyramid his bones.

## THE BASE MAN IN AUTHORITY.

As swineherd drives his bristly flock,
Full of the majesty of pork,
So the small man, grown sudden great,
Looks down on all oppressed by fate!
He views mankind as serfs and slaves;
Their hatred and contempt he braves;
Collected in himself, he stands
Like some lone hern upon the sands;
Or, like some beetle, on whose head
The boys have burning taper laid,
Stalks proudly on, and thinks the light
Proceeds from his own noddle, bright!
If, in his strutting through the streets,
A rough old friend, perchance he meets,
Who knew him in his humble state,
And 'lent a hand' to make him great,
He turns aside; nor hears nor sees;
But instant o'er the way he flees;
Attracted by some picture shops!
And gazes; licking his fat chops;
Until his 'quondam' friend shall pass,
Venting his hatred on the ass!
To wealth and greatness, mean, he bows;

And o'er its luxuries he lows
Like some sad ox, who sees fenced round,
A lot where clover loads the ground;
And tries in vain entrance to find,
To feast and wallow to his mind.
Thus for a while, he meanly lives;
The victim of 'respected' thieves;
A mark for plunder to invade,
For heavy purse 'notes empty head;'
Till like a bubble blown too far,
He bursts! and men look round and stare,
To find that one who filled such space,
Is gone; and none can find the place
Where once he swelled; a mighty thing!
Has split, and none have heard, a ring.

---

## THE FUNERAL.

I saw them on their winding way,
While yet on tree top lingered day;
A sad procession! silent, slow,
Where bitter tears unceasing flow;
I saw them pass the church-yard gate,
Approach the grave and humbly wait.
A prayer the solemn stillness breaks;
And hope of future joy awakes.

In all but one! he hopeless stands;
Wringing in agony his hands;
On his stern cheek no moisture lies,
No soft emotion fills his eyes;
But fixed, yet calm; fierce, yet subdued,
He looked as if a mighty flood
Were pressing on its faithless bounds,
Each moment, crumbling the weak mounds
That should, in vain, its force repel!
Sudden he rushed, with fearful yell,
Onward in mad resistless might;
While o'er his visage came a night
Of dread despair; and instant sprang
Into the grave! the coffin rang
With his harsh foot! the earth caved in!
'Welcome!' he shrieked with fearful din;
'Bury us both! for oh! no more
Is aught on earth, but desert drear!
Here is my all, of hope or joy!
I follow! life is but a toy!
With me, 't is broken! worthless, vile;
I lived but in my Anna's smile;
When that is gone, even as the flower
That woos the sun, fades in the hour
His brightness dies, alas! so I,
My sun being set, will also die!'

*Note.* I have felt all this myself.

## TO E——.

Sweet is the breath of summer morn,
When Flora sounds her sylvan horn;
And Zephyr in the whispering trees,
Woos to his shades the balmy breeze.

Sweet is the song of winged choirs,
Chaunting felicity, in bowers
Of roses; near a murmuring stream,
Reflecting bright the solar beam.

Sweet is the grateful earth's perfume,
When showers subdue the heat of noon;
And the pure air revives the frame,
Exhausted by the fervent flame.

Sweet are evening's dewy shades,
To pensive thought and love sick maids;
When the fair moon in radiance mild,
Illumes the greenlands of the wild.

Sweet is the rolling of the wave,
Sighing above the seaman's grave;
And breaking on the lonely shore,
With soft and melancholy roar.

And sweet is calm and solemn night,
When soothing stillness wakes delight
In gentle bosoms, throbbing fast,
As musing o'er the happy past.

But ah! nor morn, nor eve, nor night,
Nor shower, nor shade, nor sunshine bright,
Nor woodland song; moonlight on sea,
Are sweet and lovely without thee!

---

## MUSING.

The sordid miser counts his store,
Gazing around all timidly,
Lest some, his hiding place explore,
His treasures tempt some greedy eye.

So he, who feels his lot is blest
With joys, secured by few beside,
Is silent — lest some foe molest;
And counts his pleasures o'er with pride.

But empty vessels loudly ring,
And empty pockets have a voice;
The wretched do not often sing,
Unless to lull thought with a noise.

So I, with neither cash, nor legs,
Nor health, nor sense, nor anything,
Am fain to clamorously beg,
When wo and want thrust in their sting.

Yet I wont roar nor snivel — base,
But meet my destiny with smile;
What tho' I've fallen in the race
Of life? why, try another mile!

Perchance, tho' others win the stake,
I may not be the last behind;
And then men say, 'he does not quake,
Try more, and better luck you'll find.'

But nought avails, unless that power,
Who rules the destinies of life
Disperse the clouds that round me lower,
And guide me onward in the strife.

I go, confiding in his care;
Parent and friend! what higher name?
He will not give me to despair,
Nor bring my confidence to shame.

## THE 'GADDER' ABROAD.

NEVER 'at home,' but in the street!
Her nights are nothing but a fret
For morning; then in haste to rise,
That she may take 'her exercise.'

There 's not a 'sweeper' in the town,
Who knows her not! all up and down
Cornhill, at any time, you 'll find
Her gadding, with vacant face and mind.

'T is not to show a handsome dress,
'T is not to make a purse much less,
Altho' the shops all know her well,
And shop-boys wish her legs in H – ll:

It is to see and to be seen,
Yet she's no beauty as I ween!
But uncontrolled desire to stare,
And be stared at, altho' not fair.

Yet if the 'gentry' pass her by
Unnoticed, serving-men may spy,
And see, that under a white skin,
Lurks that black demon, ugly sin!

Behold, in eyes roving about,
The disposition to 'turn out;'
And that whene'er a fitting time,
Or some unwary bird she lime,

She'll quit the duties of a wife,
Abandon all the joys of life,
And hear, in common fame's loud trumpet,
The damning note, 'behold a ———'

---

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, who art high in heaven,
Thy name be hallowed — praise be given;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
Where looks the morn or setting sun,
Even here on earth as 't is above.
Give us this day, in sign of love,
Our daily bread; forgive our sins,
As we forgive our brethren's;
From all temptation set us free,
Deliver us from misery;
For thine the glory — thine the power,
While endless ages shall endure!

## 'THE LAST TRUMP!'

Hark! from the gloom of future time,
There comes a voice, awful, sublime!
It speaks a language all can hear;
And bursts in thunder on the ear!
'Time is! time was! it is no more.'
Its last dark billows wash the shore
Of dread unknown eternity!
All living things prepare to die!
For earth shall instant pass away,
And endless night extinguish day!
The last gleam of the sun hath shone!
Henceforth 't is only night alone!
Pass ye from pleasure to the sod;
Thence rising, stand before your God!

---

## SAM B——'s DEATH-BED.

Sam B. ne'er oped his mouth but lied!
He never spoke truth till he died;
And then he lied in part! said he,
'Parson, I'm in my agony!

I hope my soul is safe above!
The fountain of redeeming love,
I trust I've tasted! howsomever,
To win that joy was my endeavor;
And for my sins, in expiation,
I've willed, to light a darksome nation
Far in the east, better than gold!
You are trustee; now to the fold
Of saints, a passport kindly give,
And say that 'in the skies I live?'

The Parson rubbed his chin, and said—
'Do you speak the truth, indeed, ere dead?
Well! if you do, and did that thing,
I think you may hosannahs sing;
But where may that same 'will' be found?'

''T is hid' said Sam, 'deep in the ground
Beneath that sycamore, which spreads
Above this roof protecting shades;
I think you there will surely find
Some thing for foreign aid, designed!
Farewell! I'm gone! again farewell!
And pray my dying soul from h—ll!'
He died! was buried, with a prayer;
'T was hinted died, not in despair.
Next day beneath the tree they dug,
And found of rum, a two quart jug!

*Note.* I have been told this as a fact! but it is hardly credible.

## THE HELMSMAN ASLEEP.

'T was night! and silence reigned around!
The waves rolled o'er the deep profound;
And dashing wildly on her bow
Spread like a shower of glittering snow.

None but the helmsman looks abroad;
He guides the ship her watery road;
Whistling, by fits, as through the gloom
He sees the lofty surges loom.

He thought upon a land afar!
And as he caught some flitting star,
Felt that the same mild ray looked down,
And shone above his distant home.

Then faithful memory restores
The green hills of his native shores;
His cottage door; his 'bonny Kate,'
His children swinging on the gate.

He springs to clasp their glowing charms,
And fold them in his eager arms;
A splash! a shriek! alas! too late!
Remorseless surges tell his fate!

## SHARP SHOOTING.

A CERTAIN 'Monsieur,' weary of the town,
Sick, poor, afflicted by misfortune's frown:
Fled to the country, gasping for pure air,
And hoped to find both health and pleasure there.

He hired a room to feed in, and to sleep;
And from high windows, overlook the sheep
And cattle, roaming over meadows green,
Where nature in her loveliness was seen.

The villagers remarked his solemn face,
His shy reserve; occasional grimace;
His shrug contemptuous; supercilious air;
And therefore each one longed to pull his hair!

'T was noticed, that in barber's shop at morn,
He vented curses on a certain horn,
Blown by a tom cat; chanting in the bushes,
Whose music curled each hair of his moustaches!
'Oh! de dam cat! me, no vill ave some sleeps
Ven dat dam cuss do mak de nightly veeps
Undare me vindare! Oh! dat violin!
Me like to make his leetle gut de string

Of one large—vat you call? de 'viol base';
And pull his tongue out of his viskare face!'

Morn after morn heard the same story told
For many days! Monsieur seemed growing old
For lack of sleep! his 'phiz,' turned green and gruff;
His eyes like hogs-lard; and he took his snuff
By handsfull; so that all his lengthy chin
Was powdered vilely o'er! but still the din
Each night broke horrible upon his ears!
He swore a dire revenge in wrath and tears!

One night the usual concert fierce began!
Soprano, treble, tenor, base! all ran
In furious changes through his aching head;
His rousing vengeance fairly shook his bed!
He leaped forth! and soft the window raised,
Armed to the teeth; and both his pistols blazed
Full at the spot where the musicians sport,
Each charged with ball, in quick and fierce report;
Forth from the bushes rolled, in tumult dire,
Two men! no more! 'Oh! don't, ye gods! don't fire
Again! tis only us, your sportive friends!
We ask your pardon; offer all amends;

But, by the gods! those bullets came so near,
That we shall 'cat' no more! so never fear;
Hereafter, you can snore quite unmolest,
And take, what might have been to us, eternal rest.'

---

## A DOWNRIGHT SLUR.

Said Bob to Jim, 'how is 't my lad,
That your complexion is so dun?
Your mother's light, so is your dad;
You look like offspring of the sun.'

'Oh! 't is all plain,' dull Jim replied,
'My mother met with a misfartin;
An Indian chased her on hill-side,
When picking strawberries, for sartin.'

'Chased her!' quoth Bob, 'you're right, my man,
An Indian of the darkest hue;
She ran, you say; of course he ran,
And faith! I guess he catched her too!'

JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE INCLINES.'

Tom told his son 'dont take a blow
Or insult, without rap on brow.'
He did not; and (yet in his 'teens,')
In prison dungeon clanked his chains.

Said Sam, 'come drink your glass my boy,
And show that you the sport enjoy!
Don't play the sneak, but drink it down,'
He did; he's now upon the town!

'Be sharp in trade,' another says,
The boy was so; both nights and days,
And robbed the orchards of the village,
Till he picked stone; condemned for pillage.

'Kiss all the girls, but marry none!'
Dick took the advice; 'his job was done!'
For ere he came to 'twenty-five,'
He had ten children, but no wife!

'The laws are only made for fools;'
'But wise ones know to work their tools;'
The youth took in the treach'rous bait,
And now peeps through an iron grate.

'Have your revenge cost what it will!'
Bob was the tyrant of the hill;
Felt injured, and revenge he sought;
And found his neckerchief 'too taut!'

'There is no God, except god d——n;'
'And hell and devil, all is sham!'
Ben drank the poison, with the rest,
And felt both raging in his breast.

---

## DRINKING SONG.

FILL the bowl! is there here who sighs for a friend,
And feels his lone spirit to hopelessness tend?
Let him drink; there's a spirit instinct in the wine,
To rouse up his soul to a friendship divine.

Fill the bowl! is there here who thinks himself poor!
And sees in prospective, the stern tempest lower?
Let him drink! there is wealth to be found in the bowl;
Let him drink but enough, and in riches, he'll roll.

Fill the bowl! is there here who deceived by his love,
Would lull his suspicions, or all his hopes prove?

Let him drink! there is truth to be found in the cup:
No treachery lurks in the mistress we tup.

Fill the bowl! is there here a statesman o'erthrown,
Or left by his party without marrow bone?
He never, save here, so 'illustrious,' can be,
As, when raised (by two bottles,) to high dignity!

Fill the bowl! is there here a wight 'growing old,'
And feels old time's fingers his sportiveness hold;
Let him drink! and life's tide again shall roll on,
Till he wins the same prize his youthfulness won.

There is friendship and love, and wealth in the glass,
And frolic and youth, blaze up like the gas,
When the torch of our revels is held to its stream;
Then, here's to the wine-cup! our lips to its brim!

---

## WAR AND LOVE.

### A SONG.

March! to the field of deathless fame;
Seek out amidst the smoke of war,
For what is life, without a name?
Thy badge, an honorable scar.

Perhaps some shot may cut thee down!
Or, sword-blade cleave thy faithless helm;
What then? if you have won renown,
No loss, can glory overwhelm!

Perchance, you live, 'minus' a leg,
Or arm, or nose, or ear? 't is nought!
You have 'a good permit' to beg;
And o'er your cups, boast 'how you fought!'

The ladies love 'a gallant man,'
No matter, how much cut and carved,
If he from duty never ran,
'Fore wealth, they choose a soldier starved!

Then here's to Mars and Venus twain,
In rosy wine, pledge we the pair!
May he, keep honor without stain,
And she, our gallantry e'er fair.

---

## THE MORAL SUBLIME!

'Dear madam! let me lay my hand,
On that soft bosom, so divine!'—
'Dear sir, you certainly are kind,
But such pranks are not 'in my line!'

However, (since 't is you) give me
Your hand; and certain you shall see,
I'll place it on a softer spot;
Conditioned that you name it not!'

He gave his hand! she nothing said;
But took and placed it on his head!
Then seized guitar, and sung with grace,
'Behold! his soft expressive face!'

---

## A DREAM.

'Glory to God!' the anthem rang,
Through all the glowing arch of heaven!
'Glory!' the countless millions sang,
'Glory and praise to God be given!'

And as divine effulgence broke,
In dazzling splendor from the throne,
A voice from out the glory spoke,
The accents of the dread unknown!

'Ye happy souls! by patience taught
To tread the path to bliss above,
Here take your fill of holy thought,
With minds enlarged, refined by love!

Your trials, and your woes are past!
No ordeal more, shall ye endure;
The prize is won! for aye shall last!
The promise of the Lord is sure!'

Again, they cast their golden crowns,
In rapture at the Saviour's feet!
'Glory' again, through heaven resounds!
Oh! never more to part they meet!

They meet! what transport thus to find,
Friends, children, parents, long unknown!
Where purely mind communes with mind;
Prostrate before Jehovah's throne!

Oh! let me spread my wings for flight,
From pain and sorrow, flee away;
Escape the shadows of the night,
And soar to realms of endless day.

## MARY LISLE.

A BALLAD, *(scene in England.)*

Oh! Mary Lisle! oh! Mary Lisle!
Thou wert the lily of the vale!
The swains all vied to win the smile,
Of the sweet blossom of the dale.

Yet Mary knew but filial love;
An aged mother all her care;
In vain the rustic rivals strove,
No cheering smile forbade despair.

One day, a youth approached her cot;
With gentle look, and humble mein;
And told 'that he retirement sought,
To ply his art unknown, unseen.

For he was poor! but genius warms
His bosom with its generous glow;
His art to copy nature's charms,
And on the canvas vivid show.

They took him in a welcome guest!
Their happy solitude to share;

By day, he climbed the mountain's breast,
At eve partook their homely fare.

And when the aged mother pressed
Her healthy couch, at evening hour;
The stranger and her Mary, rest
Their weary limbs in rosy bower.

There 'neath the glowing arch above,
Proclaiming the Creator's might,
He fearful whispered of his love,
And waked her bosom's first delight.

She gave her heart! it was her all!
He vowed his truth, with fervent zeal;
Whate'er of sorrow might befall,
'T was bliss, a mutual love to feel.

They married, with parental smiles;
Time flies apace when love subdues!
Charmed by his Mary's winning wiles,
He staid till autumn spread its hues.

'Oh! Mary! will you go with me,
To my far distant humble home;
Thou and thy mother? we will be
United, let what evils come!'

'Go? aye we never more will part;
I am thy shadow, love, e'ermore!
Will keep thee constant to my heart,
On barren heath, or lonely shore.'

They go! that happy family,
Loving and loved, and hand in hand;
No stately coach rolls heavily,
A proud escutcheon through the land;

But all on foot with thoughtless glee,
They guide their parent o'er the meads;
He bears their pack right merrily;
Nor yet the wealthy traveler heeds.

Just as a summer's sun went down,
They stand before a noble pile;
Above its lofty arches frown;
Below its spacious gardens smile.

'Oh! Mary! would that this were thine!
My lovely wife should proudly rise,
And, in the brilliant circle shine,
The admired of fashion's thousand eyes!'

'Oh! no! how happier far our state!
Dear husband! such is not for me;

I am thy untaught forest mate;
Thy wood-nymph caught and tamed by thee!'

'Aye! so thou art! my beauteous love!
A lily blushing there unseen!
A 'bird of paradise' above;
Yet all thou seest, is thine I ween!

And I am Lord of this fair dell;
Thou lord of me! all thine! all thine!
And here it is thy right to dwell;
In hall and bower, a Countess shine!

Forgive the guise in which I woed,
And won thee to my faithful breast;
I sought a fair one to be loved,
Even for myself! thou knowest the rest!'

He was the young 'Earl of Exeter.'

---

## 'QUICK OVER!'

I saw her! pensive o'er the page,
Her eyes expressed a feeling mind;
Melting in tears, or bright with rage,
As fictions her charmed senses bind.

Sure she is lovely! can she speak?
Try her! I do: she opes her gills!
Her teeth, old bones! her voice a squeak!
My nose and ears, at once she fills

With discord and disgust! farewell!
My dream is gone! and so am I!
In vain my fair, you weave your spell;
For skunks excite no sympathy!

Ruspine's celebrated teeth brushes at Dickson's, Market street!

---

## THE MERCENARY MARRIAGE.

James Hardy gave himself away
For certain lands 'and tenements;'
And a large mass of sister clay;
A thorough 'flat' to all intents!

Her eyes like oranges; her nose
A sausage, pinned upon her face;
Her mouth, a tomb; her breasts disclose
A full and 'Hottentotic' grace.

Whene'er he looked they brought to mind,
The bags of specie she possessed;

And then her ponderous behind!
A snow drift on a hovel pressed!

For her 'complect' was very fair,
Much like boiled veal, in hue and smell;
Like cattle's tails her snarly hair;
Her back as rough as oyster-shell!

Her arms like lumps of mutton fat,
Her body, 'crowning' like a hill;
Her feet like shovels, broad and flat,
Yet 'lengthy' as a tailor's bill.

'T was a hard case, for James was small;
A very little man indeed!
A 'quantum suff' was, not at all;
'Little of 'bottom,' less of speed.'

She soon grew frantic; aye, blue-black;
Her 'phiz' gleamed like a buttered toast;
She made his lapping ears to 'smack;'
And with her tongue, larded the roast!

Oh! how he looked, her rage being done!
As he lay panting on a couch;
He looked just like a lasses-bun,
She, an exploded powder-flask!

He rose quite early one dark morn,
Leaving his snoring mate in bed;
Took the 'first stage,' that sounded horn,
And made the 'papers' note him 'dead!'

His lonely wife shed many a tear,
For several weeks, early and late;
Then, 'took to drinking' gin and beer;
And so, 'reeled off,' her threads of fate!

---

## REMARKS AT LARGE.

When a man is compelled to carry about with him the evidence of personal degradation, he soon declines into a moral and intellectual degradation. Hence, it is of great importance, when one, (who has been affluent, and was dressed like a gentleman,) meets with losses in business, that he does not alter his style of clothing, but continues to dress like a gentleman:—for otherwise, he will lose all title to be so considered, by a shabbiness of manners; and of morals also.

Without doubt, it would be sound policy, for any business man, who finds himself on the brink of failure, to procure immediately, a new and handsome suit of clothes. He would be able to effect a more advan-

tageous arrangement with his creditors, when appearing before them in the garb of a gentleman, than if he sneaked into their presence, exhibiting the squalor of poverty, as well as its suffering.

Poverty, which in rags and tatters, is repulsive, becomes tolerable, when decently clad; and the same sympathy which would be closed against a whining supplication, expands in charity, to a manly appeal; especially if it is delivered through the horns of a clean 'dickey.'

---

## REMINISCENCE.

Over the fire place in a hall, was suspended a fine engraving of the 'Last Supper.' A foreigner, (who had picked up a little 'English') approached the picture, and read its title. He examined it, and perceived nothing but a long table surrounded by men, with no meats upon it. He turned to his host, and said, 'de las suppare! vare is de suppare? (Answer. Why there it is! you see!) 'No, sare, me no see him! vare is de rost biff, de rost pig, de turks, de mootons! Dare is noding! Ah! ah! de las suppare! me understand it. De last! Dey starve, nex day; so no more suppare.'

## 41 WARREN STREET.

In this brick solitude and painted cell,
Where pensive D——y sounds his broken shell;
Where signs of rural life are seen around,
(Although the eye, how vainly! seeks the ground!
To wit, what once in stately pines appeared,
Or in the clay pit, vent'rous urchins smeared!

Here with his flute, the legless bard reclines!
No more he smokes, nor snuffs, nor chews, nor wines;
With crutch in hand he props his failing feet,
Within a darksome 7 by 9 retreat;
He hears around the world's tumultuous shout,
And writhes with torture, that he can't 'get out!'
Chewing the cud of misery, o'er and o'er,
He counts the planking of his parlor floor;
Or, muses on the days alas, gone by!
When he could strut and skip, right merrily!

No matter! such is life! how vain and sad!
To good men tedious; wretched to the bad;
Till weaned at last, from fortune's tasteless dug,
We rub our noses, give our backs a shrug,

And casting off the trammels of the world;
Prick up our ears, and with our whiskers curled,
March off, to look for better or for worse;
And take what we have earned, blessing or curse!

Let's then be wise; nor look for bliss below;
Save such as a clean conscience may bestow;
But gazing upwards see a guiding star,
Shed its mild ray of promise, from afar,
And linger softly beaming o'er the sod,
Where sleeps in hope the humble 'child of God!'

Oh! that the star would look benign on me;
And light the dungeon of my misery;
In vain, my hopeless eyes aloft I raise,
Speechless, but glowing with celestial praise;
A threat'ning sky lowers gloomily above,
Hiding in clouds, the sign of promised love;
While o'er my mind, returns its wonted blight,
And reason slumbers on, in starless night!

---

## HYMN.

The following hymn, was composed the last thing before I 'knew nothing;' in my late illness.—

I left the rational world with an address to the Deity; and I awoke again with another, to the same great and good 'Parent.'

GOD! the great Lord of all I know and see;
What gloom and darkness hide thee from my sight;
Nightly to thee I bend a suppliant knee;
But to my clouded mind, there comes no light;
Thy spirit comes not, all is doubt, and dread;
Hopeless I linger on this barren shore,
Longing to die; since all my joys are fled;
But dare not tempt the unknown, I would explore.

I would explore; but ah! there comes between
The will and action, doubt, distrust and shame;
For solemn hypocrites assume thy screen
To mask foul deeds, transacted in thy name!
I see thy sun in majesty arise;
Thy moon looks down serene, and I rejoice!
Musing of Thee, I scan the wond'rous skies;
Question the stars; but ah! they have no voice!

Is there a God? thou fool, why dost enquire
What earth, and all things; man, beast, herb, proclaim;
Why is thy soul touched with celestial fire;
Why o'er thy fortunes doth a power reign,
That all thy keenest calculations mars;
And sets at nought the wisdom of the wise,

Or opes the secret path ; the open, bars ;
Yet leads thee faltering, onward to the skies!

Oh! be it so; for here alas, no more,
Is aught to satisfy the thirsting mind!
I linger trembling, on the solemn shore,
Where come in crowds, the lost of human kind;
Come to embark upon the heaving brine
Of dread eternity's overwhelming wave;
Scorched by the fire; or shivering with the rime,
That, felt on earth, subdues them to the grave.

Welcome! the roar that issues from the sand,
As the white breakers lift their curling brows!
Welcome! the light that gleams from other land,
And guides the glancing of our homeward prows!
It is the star that points to worlds above!
Where the freed spirit finds a blest repose;
Where toil and anguish yield to purest love;
And all the soul can feel, it feels and knows!

I go! but where? no matter if I go!
For here a poison lurks within each flower
I crop! alas, a fever, fierce but slow,
Creeps in my veins, and makes my manhood cower;
My drink is gall; and ashes is my food;
No fervid thought, or wakes, or melts my heart;

My deeds are worthless; even when meant for good:
I feel! I feel 't is better to depart!

---

## A FIT OF THE 'HYPO!'

Another day! and yet another shines,
But not for me! 't is night alone with me;
For me in vain the noisy steeple chimes;
I keep the time by hours of misery.

The sun at early morn, looks gloomy through
My casement; and calls forth no gladsome smiles!
'T is the old sun! with me there's nothing new;
My weary day, no novelty beguiles!

All, all is old, worn out, and in decay;
Just like myself! a ruin, rough and rude;
I tread like mill-horse, the same beaten way;
And tire of all: of even 'being good.'

And faith! that's new, and but of few years growth;
Yet 'full of trouble!' just like all the rest!
The old is stale: the new of little worth:
Even if I pass from good to better, best.

'T is all the same! my epitaph was writ
Some years ago; and therefore if I live
Reformed, another man in act and wit,
'T is all in vain! and never will survive.

My exit hence! nor benefit me now!
For, what the world in wisdom hath set down,
It never alters; when it brands a brow,
No after smile eradicates the frown.

Therefore, 't is all in vain to mend a life
In this world; for no charity shall note
The act! we 're wedded to one changeless wife;
And they are wise who quarrel not; but dote!

---

## TO MYSELF.

Rouse up, my soul! awake, nor sleep supine,
When all of now and after is at stake;
Droop not, despairing, as if drenched with wine;
See Time his pounce-box o'er thy noddle shake!
The aged should be grave, as to the grave
They draw; be active, and be also brave.
Look in, for 't is the bed of all, at last;
It will be thine, but when, alas! God knows.
Grieve, but don't snivel o'er thy follies past;
A manly sorrow true repentance shows;

Prove thine by deeds, repair the evil done,
Nor faint, while o'er thee lingers yet the sun.

There 's time for all things, seize the moments now,
And light from heaven shall illume thy brow.

Being once down thou canst no lower fall,
Therefore look up, and hear the welcome call
To action, action! while thy trials last,
A happy rest is thine — thy trials past.

---

## TO LOVE.

Oh Love! thou art the Devil's fav'rite child,
Commissioned to ensnare and vex mankind;
How many foolish maids have ye beguiled,
How many men reduced to senseless hind.
Grave Senators have snivelled like a brat,
And pussy clergymen sweat out their fat,
When roasted at thy fierce and ceaseless fire!
Thou play'st such pranks, that saints are filled with ire.
And now, (for, say the twentieth time at least,)
Thou hast reduced me, like a niggard feast,
Exhaled my brains, and left me without leg,
Despoiled my personals, and made me beg;

Nay almost to the gallows dragged me; for
I go on crutches, (things that I abhor!)
Hung up between them with my pendent feet,
I blush with shame, at every man I meet.

Why can't ye now, since I am grave in years,
Let me alone! and cease your vexing fears,
And flattering hopes! for I, would fain employ
Myself in other things, than having boy,
Or girl, or both; I've had enough of that,
To startle at the voice of begging brat.

For shame! have mercy on repentant sinner;
And let me earn and eat in peace my dinner.
Let me at ease, enlarge my corporation,
And ponder, sagely, laws, and rights of nation;
Study our 'banking' system, (like my own,)
Whereby grim misers pick the public bone;
Or eat the oyster like the raven sly,
Leaving its shell to suffering penury!

Come! take my hand, and let us now 'say quits;'
Even while I still can boast a gill of wits,
Out of the gallons, that ah! once were mine;
Clear rich and racy, like old 'white top' wine;
The rest expended in thy slavish chains,
Sovereign reducers of o'er brilliant brains,

I have 'run out!' thy 'namby pamby' song,
I'll sing no more! no more a strain prolong!
But like a dull, calm, slow, domestic beast,
Eat meadow hay, nor seek a clover feast;
Curvet no more; nor prick up ears, nor tail;
But at the manger my old pranks bewail;
And on each sabbath morn, sleek, calm and slow,
Wend to the church; and feel a pious glow;
Perhaps (inspired,) send forth sonorous bray,
To show the Shepherd's flock, I too can pray!

---

## FOR MR. ———.

Oh! bear to me some peaceful shade,
Some lonely cottage on the glade;
And give me there a pensive maid,
To share my happy solitude!

Or take me to some distant shore,
O'er hung by rocks, high, rude and hoar,
Where I may list the ocean's roar,
And wild-fowl, screaming o'er their brood.

Or, to some mountains lofty brow,
E'er shining with untrodden snow,

To look down on the world below;
And learn by musing 'to be good!'

Or some deep dell, silent and lone;
To hear the owl's sad pensive moan;
Where resting idly on a stone,
My mind inhales etherial food.

Or to some forest's dark recess;
No foot its leafy halls to press,
Where nature rude in verdant dress,
Repels the thoughtless multitude.

There book in hand, at early dawn,
I'll wander on the waving lawn,
And think the world, not worth a pawn!
A monk! sans convent, bead or hood.

P. S. Perhaps a little 'golden sherry,'
Would help to make our cottage merry!
For 'wine doth cheer the heart of man,'
Even temp'rance bigots love the can;
And 'the first miracle' e'er wrought,
Where 'water into wine' was brought!
But we 've improved in christian grace,
And make the use of wine disgrace;

And that's no wonder since the 'sects,'
Will each adopt, what one rejects;
And 't is full time, another 'sermon,'
Were preached, to shame and to unlearn 'em.

---

## DIVINE POWER AND GOODNESS.

'LET there be light!' God said, and at his word,
Darkness rolled back before him, like a scroll!
And o'er its gloomy track, came rushing on,
The rays that lifted up fair nature's veil;
Revealing all her rich and varied charms!
Mountain and vale; river and stream; the grove;
The plain; and the blue waters of the sea,
Vast, fathomless, and still with conscious awe!

'Vex him no more!' once said the Son of God!
And from the troubled soul the gloomy fiend
Fled trembling to his dark and drear abode!
Th' expanding mind, glowed with celestial light;
Reviving mem'ry, with its joyous train
Of peaceful thoughts and old affections came,
Like angel visitants, to whisper peace,
As kneeling gratitude poured out its tear!

Great God! rebuke the fiend that vexes me! And shed thy light upon my memory!

## TO THE 'HYPO.'

Accursed fiend! why persecute me thus!
Mingling thy bane with all my meat and drink;
Keeping my mind in a continual 'fuss;'
Crushing my 'pluck;' a shadow makes me shrink!

I see aggression, in each sportive fly;
In mewling cat discover slander's tongue;
In honest mastiff's growl, deception spy;
And personalities in all that's sung,

Or said, or whispered; fye, my sappy brain;
'T is only fit to meet and break a cane;
Much hardest of the two; each wears a cap;
Mine cap for fool, or 'natural' or 'sap,'
As 'flats' are called; or were some time ago,
When I, for 'gumption,' passed as so and so!'

Why don't ye rouse yourself! and be a man!
Or mouse; or gadfly; anything ye can,
Nor sit disconsolate, like moping owl,
Scaring old ladies, with thy acid scowl;
Or teaching children how to suck their thumbs;
Or lie contented on their clouted b—ms!

Get up! get out! get mad! get anything!
Don't act like hornet that has lost its sting;
Kick some old knave! or be well kicked yourself;
Drink, dice, cheat, bully! hanker after pelf,
Rob graves, or hen-roosts, anything but mope;
March off to Rome, as candidate for Pope;
League with rebellion in monastic Spain.
And fight for exercise if not for gain;
Or sail to France to 'sassinate the King,
Fit for the opera, as 'tenore' sing;
Or in old England 'stand' and take a purse;
Or learn to 'chew,' or 'snuff,' blaspheme or curse;
If all shall fail, return with fell intent,
And 'stand' or fall, for 'our next President!'

---

## TO MODERN HOMER.

Homer who sang in ancient Greece
Of fated Troy, now lives again;
In Congress street he pipes of peace;
Loves oyster pie; calves feet and brain;
Things that his ancestor ne'er knew;
Condemned to live on attic stew,
'Black broth' and garlic, horrid stuff!
Enough to make him rough and gruff.

His lineal son, sings other wars;
Political and party jars;
And though no poetry he scrawls,
Can buy a folio when he calls;
Or shows a little golden piece,
Worth half the spoils of ancient Greece!

Give me the man of modern times,
Who loves, but don't indite his rhymes:
Can keep a score of poets nigh,
To fill a space with poetry.

Patron of genius, and of labour!
He 'loves and feeds' his christian neighbor;
And should he take a pilgrimage,
Hath rev'rend Palmer wise and sage,
To lead her o'er each road and brook,
That's found in newspaper or book.

---

## HOPE.

Hope is the light of eastern sky,
When morning leads its glories on;
Or 't is the beam of evening's eye,
That tells of morrow's brilliant sun.

Or 't is the blossom of the tree,
The promise of a fruitful year;
Or the dew-gem, in flowers we see;
For ah! it cherishes a tear.

But morn is oft obscured by cloud,
Its smiles by tempests, oft subdued;
So Hope doth fly when sorrows crowd,
And care and anguish vex the good.

But 't is not here; it is not here,
That worth receives its promised meed;
No 't is a mourner o'er a bier,
A victim doomed awhile to bleed.

Its day shall come, a glorious day!
When light shall glisten on its brow;
Meanwhile, Hope grants the soul a stay,
And fortaste of its transports now!

---

## A PRAYER.

Almighty and eternal God! thou art the author of all things; of innumerable worlds; and of the intelligences with whom they are peopled; ascending in

gradations of mind, from the humblest instinct towards thyself; the pinnacle of all wisdom, goodness and power.

All the works of thine hand are precious in thy sight. Because Thou createst nothing but is intended to be good: and Thou art most good.

In thy intelligent and immortal creatures, Thou hast planted the disposition and the will to choose; and has given them faculties to discern, truly, what is grateful and what is abhorrent to thy vision. Vice obscures that faculty; and the most melancholy effect of sin is its loss; and we are benighted, at the moment our peril is nearest and most extreme.

Therefore, oh Father, keep alive in us thy holy Spirit, ever vigorous, active and glowing. Suffer us under its influence, to become more and more assimilated to Thee; so that when our time on earth is accomplished, to be with Thee, shall be our highest joy and only hope.

With this greatest benefaction of thy mercy, what more can we desire! We commit unto thee our lives, our comforts, our rational enjoyments; trusting, that while we use them rationally, Thou wilt continue them unto us; when irrationally, their removal is the greatest favor thou canst bestow; if it shall suffice to rouse us to consciousness, and promote our restoration to virtue, to happiness, to Thee!

In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## WOMAN.

What thronging hopes and fears are in that word;
And what a desert life without her smile!
Joy spreadeth not its wings for lofty flight,
Unless cheered onward by her waving hand;
And sorrow with its canker, eats the breast,
Unless it lean, and is sustained on hers!

Man lives but in the light of woman's eye;
And when he dies, were there no gentle arm
To fold his head, and wipe away his tears;
To press the cordial to his quivering lip;
No gentle voice to whisper in his ear,
The soothing hope of life and love reborn,
Refined, enduring in long years of bliss,
What agony would rack his fevered brow!
What horror and despair convulse his soul!

Oh! first to fold us in a fond embrace,
And last to yield us up to angel's care,
Not fonder, dearer, purer than thine own!
How as the eye grows dim with parting life,
It fastens its last, dying look on thee!
And hopes to wake no more, until it meets
Thine radiant with ceaseless love in heaven;
The home and sphere of spirits like thine own!

## DISCONTENT.

THERE'S a fatality in all I do,
In all I venture, loss; nothing succeeds;
Plans wise and well matured, a promise give,
Only to mock me in the end; judgment
Avails not; prudence is vain; hope extinct;
A destiny o'errules my life; a fiend
Pursues me, and thus turns to pois'nous herbs,
The flowers that spring and court my eager hand.

'T was always so; youth had no spring, manhood
No summer — now, the autumn of my days [crop
Yields tares and thorns! no rich and plenteous
Waves o'er my fields, the fruits of watchful care
And provident exertion. One bleak waste,
Sterile and rough, parched, blasted, unimproved,
Proclaims to men the ease, neglect and sloth
That lost the jovial days of spring and youth —
Gone! never to refresh my blasted hopes.

What then remains? So desolate myself,
Fallen, afflicted — good for nothing, save
As guidepost to the throng that rudely press
The road of life, crowding their elders out,

But to retire within my shattered cot,
And, musing o'er the page whence living light
Beams on the mind subdued by early grief,
Gather my cloak about me, in good time,
And, like the Roman, who bowed down to fate,
Fall, yet with decency if not with fame.
I'm tired of the world — the world of me!
And since my place is worth more than my deeds,
I'll off! and leave the field to happier toil.

---

## TABLE SONG.

'Away with melancholy, since Time is on the wing,
Let 's laugh and quaff, be jolly, and in full chorus sing
Time flies apace, the goal 's in view,
That ends our race, then here 's to you.

Away with pining sorrow, the tear-drop in the eye
Perhaps we're off to-morrow, then drown the rising sigh.
Time flies apace, the goal 's in view
That ends our race, then here 's to you.

See, see, the wine-cup glowing, ripe, rich in ruddy charms,
Too soon will cease its flowing, drink, while the bo- [som warms
Time, &c.

Fill up the sparkling brimmer, and pledge ye each a toast,
Till eyes go down in glimmer, and nose begins to roast.
Time, &c.

When night its friendly curtain draws round a sleeping world,
We pick our way uncertain, our arms together furled.
Time, &c.

And joining in full chorus, awake the snorers round,
While all the stars adore us, as Pleiads of the ground.
Time, &c.

Fill up, fill up, a bumper, broad, deep with ruby wine,
A full and glorious 'thumper!' up glasses, 't is divine.
Time, &c.

---

## TO ——.

My friend, in life's gay prosperous days,
When basking in its sunny rays;
My friend, when pleasure's light declined,
And blight fell on my hopes and mind.
Together have we drained the glass,
And bade the jovial moments pass;

Together sat, in sad converse,
When writhing under pleasure's curse,
The mind dismayed, distracted, lost;
On life's tempestuous ocean tossed;
And reason looking out in vain,
Clouded beneath the torrent rain,
That swept away each faithless mound
That caution had arrayed around.

Friend at the rescue! when reclaimed
From the fierce surge, the shore regained;
'T was then thy hand sustained my feet,
Trembling and hopeless; sought retreat,
Where care and kindness watched my bed,
Where love was pillow to my head,
Until the tide of life flowed fast,
The storm was hushed, the danger past.

Then led me back once more, to hear
Voices long mute, but ever dear,
To friends, to home, to hope, to joy;
My life for thine, henceforth, my boy!

## EMMA ROSE.

### A BALLAD.

Beneath yon sombre elms repose
All that was once fair Emma Rose,
A village belle, of sparkling eye;
Ah! who e'er met her without sigh;
And many a day of after life,
Remembered that fair maid so blithe.

She loved! or rather seemed to love,
William, her sailor-boy; who strove
By ardent vows, her heart to gain;
Nor thought his wooing was in vain.
He left her for the last sad time,
To tempt the winds and seas sublime.

The youth 'God blessed her,' o'er and o'er,
As fled away the parting shore;
And from the proud ship's lofty deck,
Beheld her dwindle to a speck;
Then looked no more! but from his eye,
Dashed the bright drop of misery!
Uttered one prayer; how fervent, warm!
That God would guard both lives from harm.

Time fled apace ; a stranger came
To Emma's village — a great name,
And great in wealth, but mean of mind
Disguised beneath an air refined.
He marked fair Emma's graceful form,
Like seamew heralding the storm ;
And she replumed her bonnet blue,
When thinking of her sailor true,
But e'erwhile stole a timid glance
At the rich man, and looked askance,
Whene'er he gazed with wanton eye,
And 'larmed her maiden modesty.

Why tell a tale so often told !
Her love for William ' waxed old ;'
Not dead, but sleeping ; she forgot
Her duty ; or she never thought ;
But idly with the stranger roamed,
Where the white billows broke and foamed,
Lulling her caution into dreams
Of splendor, rank and fashion's beams,
Lighting her gorgeous halls afar ;
Each glittering like the evening star.

One eve, (some months had passed away,)
She wandered, at the sun's last ray,
Down on the beach ; the stranger too
Was near, to flatter and to woo ;

Her hand in his, her lips apart,
While quick, tumultuous beat her heart.
Before them, on the glistening sand,
A little mound was near at hand:
He moved to sit; her pretty foot
Strove the hid treasure to uproot;
She stooped and scraped the sand away,
'T was William's corse, drowned ere that day,
And borne by pitying winds and waves,
Where the green tide her cottage laves.

No more! Beneath yon elms she lies;
A requiem in its branches sighs,
As, screaming in the midnight wind,
The curlew leaves the storm behind.

---

## SONG AND TOAST.

Here's to you, Tom Brown!
Here 's to you, my jovial soul!
Here 's to you, with all my heart,
And we will drink a quart,
And take a heaping stomach full,
Before that we depart.

Here 's to you, old soul,
Here 's to you, you jolly dog.

Here's to you with heart and hand,
Fast locked in friendship's band;
Come, let us take a hearty nog,
Before we cease to stand.
Here 's to you, Tom Brown!

---

## MY GRANDMOTHER.

Her virtues, marked and shadowed in her name!
The 'Crown' her piety and grace proclaim;
The 'Shield,' a guard to purity of mind;
And both, an honorable life, combined.

As her loved husband's fortunes rose and grew,
So sprang the virtues of her heart, anew;
With every gain some secret charm unfolds,
To win and wear, the matron's rank she holds.
No luxury could e'er corrupt her heart,
Pure at the end, as vig'rous at the start
Of life's smooth course; and pity's open hands
Gave, with a tear, what misery demands.

Whene'er the Autumn's festival returns,
The flame of charity more brilliant burns;

And ministering angels smiling wait,
In crowded halls or wide-extended gate;
None pass away without a full supply,
And the mild sunbeam of her pitying eye.

Who envies wealth, so nobly held and shared?
Filling each gap that penury had bared;
In all her path she gave as it was given,
And found her charity repaid in heaven!

---

A FLATTERER is like the Anaconda which covers its victim with slime before swallowing it.

---

JOY and champaigne are alike; the first taste delicious, but the second bottle disgusting. 'A drunk' on either, horrible.

---

IT is difficult to learn to love tobacco; but when it becomes a habit, it is one of the most difficult to abandon. So grief long indulged becomes a habit;

and many seem to consider it a luxury. The 'joy of grief' hath meaning in it.

---

Never seem to be unfortunate. Charity which opens its heart to a well-favored and fine spoken suppliant, closes it with disgust, if importuned by filth and rags, with tears and whines. If a sick dog looks piteous, we caress him; but if he howls, we kick him.

---

If you fall into misfortune, never hint to your friends any services you have ever performed for them in such circumstances. A man don't like to be remembered of his obligations. He had rather make a present than pay a debt.

---

If you are unfortunate, prepare yourself for the mortification of hearing sympathy expressed without any action to relieve you. One is cheap; and involves a moral duty. The other costs something, and is nothing more than a moral duty.

THE most miserable of all men is he who has lost his mind. He excites only horror and disgust. Men fly from him; and he who is of all men, most to be pitied, is the very last to find compassion. 'Knock him down,' or 'shut him up' are the words.

---

HE who attempts to resuscitate an old passion in a female, is like him who attempts to light the wick of a candle, that has burned out.

---

NEVER quit society with the expectation of improving yourself, and being received with acclamations, on your return. You will find that instead of gaining applause, your most intimate friends have ceased to know you.

---

AFTER being married a year or two, should your wife flatter you, look out for her.

---

'A SOFT voice,' which Byron calls 'a most excellent

thing in woman,' is according to my experience, a certain indication of a deceitful woman. Thunder is loud, but it don't often strike. The pestilence is still, and destroys thousands. Honesty is plain spoken.

---

If you are considered 'a smart fellow' as to talents, and happen, by a fit of illness to suffer a temporary suspension of your mental powers, beware of the dunces! How the crows surround a horse dying in his pasture!

---

You may quickly discern when the knowledge of your poverty has leaked out. You bow in the streets to your neighbors; and are astounded, at perceiving that they take no notice of you.

Your wood sawyer and your shoe black, are very familiar, and offer to shake hands with you.

---

If you have a reputation for saying good things, and always raised a laugh, when you were in good circumstances, you will be confounded at discharging

capital witticisms to an audience as insensible as an iceberg, *when you are poor.*

---

'Now let me advise you,' is the language that the *fallen man* is doomed to hear from fools, incapable of advice or reflection.

---

When a man has lost his money and his health, he may as well 'throw in' his mind, and confess that is lost also. That may possibly excite compassion; the loss of the others only contempt.

---

Never publish your speculations on politics. Remember that each one of your readers is profoundly wise on that subject; which wisdom he will manifest by pronouncing your work crude and contemptible.

---

To be a 'popular man,' you must act one of two characters decidedly. Either grin and shake hands

with every rag-a-muffin you meet, or with none of them, but treat them all with haughty disdain. By the first mode, you become one of them, and they may, for a time, raise you on their shoulders. By the second mode, you fill them at first with indignation; but it soon yields to reverence and respect. They imagine because you despise them and their applause, that you must be indeed '*above the vulgar.*'

---

One of the most difficult duties to be performed in life, is to act just right towards an old friend who, by indiscretion, has 'lost caste.' If you keep up your wonted knowledge and familiarity, he sinks you.—And if you cease to 'know' him, he injures your standing in society by proclaiming your pride and neglect.

Now, although nearly every man would act just like yourself, yet as their consciences tell them it is 'rascally,' they will hide their own guilt by pronouncing your conduct shameful and abominable.

---

When in company a subject is discussed, of which you are profoundly ignorant, say nothing but 'pho'

and 'sho!' and 'come drop it.' This will cause every one to think that you have so thoroughly investigated the subject, that it has become to you, trite and disgusting. Many get great reputations for 'sense' in this way.

---

If you have a remarkably fine person, assure your friends that you suffer under some secret bodily infirmity. If you don't, their envy will 'like as not' eject you from society. Men never tolerate an excellence in another.

---

If your talents are remarkable, and your information extensive, you had better not be a good man.—This is too much for 'good society' to tolerate. Affect the fop or the debauchee, and you will have applause enough.

---

A very nice man, must have nasty ideas and reflections.

---

A man remarkable for loose conversation, was advised to bathe daily. He did so; and grew more

decent. 'The mind partakes the body's purity,' some poet says.

---

## AND ECHO ANSWERED 'WHERE!'

Where shall I seek repose of mind,
Where hope alas! content to find?
'T is not in books; I've read enough,
Of good and bad, wisdom and 'stuff;'
'T is not in meats and drinks; I've tried
All kinds enough; and all but died!
'T is not in love, or woman fair;
I've been 'in love,' and singed my hair
At beauty's torch! 't is not in wealth,
I've had sufficient for my health;
'T is not in fame, that lasts a day,
Perhaps a month, then 'turns to clay.'

We seek in vain! and like a boy
Who chased a rainbow, baffle joy;
Which always runs when we pursue,
But comes unsought to the wise few
Who cast their anchors on a shore,
Beyond the sea of life! once more
Rouse up thy energies! and try
What virtue in good deeds may lie!

'T is said there is a secret charm
In that still life which thinks no harm,
But diligently plods along
Its path way with a merry song;
And when the tedious journey is o'er,
Casts down its load prepared to soar.

'Up Killick!' and lets try again,
The dangers of life's stormy main!
And see the compass is at hand;
Nor drive your bark again in sand;
You've done it once, and found no sport;
Now do your best to reach your port.
Port heaven, mind ye; not 'port wine!'
That wrecked ye once; now take in line,
And holding hard a steady helm,
No squall will keel, capsize, o'erwhelm.

---

## EPITAPH.

### MINE OWN.

'He sleeps! how still! life's course is done;
His race is o'er; the prize is won.'
'Prize?' what? let's hear his worthy deeds?
Who weeps for him? what bosom bleeds?

For tears confess a loss sustained!
What heart at his demise is pained?
What mourners stand beside his grave,
And weep him, just, humane, and brave?
In combatting the ills of life?
A parent, sister, brother, wife?'

'Alas! not one; he had all these;
But unaccountably, he failed to please;
He was too open, plain, sincere,
To start the world's pretending tear;
And honestly was forced to hate
Rascallity in church or state;
And what he felt, he spoke 'right out,'
Whether it raised a smile or 'pout!'

And now you see the end; not one
Laments him dead; of grief there 's none;
And when he 's spoken of at all,
'T is in a whisper at some ball,
Or party or carouse, where he
Was once the soul of jollity!

He sings, and 'toasts,' and drinks no more;
And is forgotten! hulk on shore,
So worthless, that none plunder near;
Not worth that common thing a tear!'

## INVALID MUSINGS.

'T is plain! that in this busy town,
A man's legs constitute the man
Entire! this fact you'll quickly own,
By shortening your legs a span!
Then shall you see, that hands and arms,
Head, breast and body; manly charms
Of face and figure, all shall fail!
Your friends will your lost legs bewail!
And if indignant you exclaim,
They say, 'poor fellow! what a shame!
He's lost his legs! will never walk;
Good heavens! ne'er do aught but talk!
Ah! dreadful case! he's hopeless! gone!
Not worth a pin or pebble stone.'

'Good heaven! my friends!' in wrath you cry,
'I have a taste for poetry!
Can read and write; teach Latin, Greek;
Or learn your urchins how to 'speak;'
If that won't do; why see my hands;
What hinders wearing 'preacher's' bands?
Or splitting wood; or turning weaver;
Or setting traps for fox or beaver;

Or various other pranks and tricks,
That man may do who goes with sticks!'

'Ah! but (they say,) without a leg,
Your destiny must be to beg;
Legs make the man, in yankee land,
Where all of life is but to stand
Or travel; active life my lad
Is the sole way to live; — you're mad;
Your mind, arms, tongue, eyes, nose, and noddle,
Are worthless, if you're doomed to poddle;
Why! you can't kick! just think of that;
Suppose you have a 'jaw' or spat,
You're gone! must stand and take a 'licking,'
For law (you know,) forbids you 'sticking,'
Or pistoling your numerous foes,
If fifty hands are on your nose;
Therefore, farewell; get legs, get all;
Whene're you walk, 'give us a call.'
But don't (for God's sake,) show your face
While suffering under this disgrace;
Starve like a man! ere yet confess,
Your legs have failed; are in distress;
Remember that without a leg,
'Your destiny must be to beg!'
And you not worth 'my old Aunt Peg;'
Why dogs, and cats, and rats can run,

Will you by vermin, be *outdone!*
Never, for shame; your mind; oh, fye!
'Sneak' into some dark place, and die!'

---

## SENTIMENT.

Her blue eyes rested on the page
That told of love — 'the hermit' — sage!
Who, scorned, repelled, sought distant cell
Near babbling brook, in lonely dell,
And passed the livelong day and night,
In meditating visions, bright,
Of his lost fair! — the same, reversed,
Her own fair bosom had accursed.
Her love, had been disowned, despised,
Love, that a noble might have prized,
Had first been sought, then flung away!
Cold wax'd her heart that fatal day,
When her false lover she had seen,
Strolling, upon the village green,
With Polly Pucker, on his arm.
A slut! — without a single charm,
Save a huge 'bosom,' like a cow's!
It 'did Sam's business,' I s'pose,
And cost him many grunts and throes.

They work'd on Sam, like calomel,
And rack'd him sore; 't was spell and spell!
Pervaded his whole system through,
So horrid, that his skin turned blue!
His teeth were loose, his mouth awry,
He always had 'a drop in 's eye.'
He ate flour-puddings, done in bag,
Lest that his memory should flag.
Large, monstrous puddings, full and round,
So much like Polly's chest, — profound,
He choked himself, with cramming; for
He thought of Poli! wa'nt hungry, nor
Was dry; except he felt a thirst
To rip her stays, and see a burst, —
An 'avalanche of snow!' where he
Could look, and cool himself you see.

While thus she read, (as told last leaf,)
She heard a noise — and jumped, like death,
Whirl'd round her head, and, instant saw,
(While face and neck, blushed, red and raw,)
*Her lover!* 'corned,' aye, 'drunk as Chloe!'
Said he 'by gosh! I did'nt know ye;
Poll, is in trouble, make a fuss;
And, hang her, swore the affair *on us!*'

'On us! (said she,) oh, what a brute!
Away! — and drop your nasty suit
With me! I know a plenty beaux
Better than you: be off! go, — go.'

With that, she waved her lily hand,
Like general, at his first command,
He bowed and 'hickupped,' hitched his clothes,
And, most amazing, blew his nose,
Looked quite done up, and said, 'adieu!
Farewell! the *child* we'll name for you!'

---

## CHAMPAIGNE.

Another cup! another still!
For yet I thirst; the goblet fill!
Ah! how it sparkles o'er the brim;
And how my mouth approaches grim,
Wide open; famished; to inhale
The liquid joy; so cool; so pale!
A cup of dew caught, ere it fell
To earth! Oh! would there were a well
Of such! the 'nectar of the Gods,'
Of olden time! Olymphus nods,

Whene'er th' etherial juice, they drain;
A sovereign calm for thirsty pain,
Both then and now; delicious air;
What rapture on your wings ye bear!
Whene'er the imagination glows,
With the mild lustre of thy snows!
The dream of mussulman is faint,
Compared to thine; enraptured saint,
Sees no such visions in his eye,
As he who feels thy ecstacy;
Inspired by thee, wealth opes its stores;
Fame weaves its wreath; beauty adores!
Nor monarchs e'er so splendid shine,
As crowned by thee, imperial wine!

---

## THE 'PASSION!'

A FAIR and frail one, sad, reclined
Beneath an oak, in pasture far;
Weeping alone; to soothe her mind,
By gazing on the evening star!

'Oh! cruel man! Oh! cruel man!
To serve me thus; and leave me so;
You 've ruined me; do what you can;
And soiled the whiteness of my snow!

It is too late to give me aid ;
For life is even instinct in me ;
No more am I a stainless maid,
But lost ; and left to misery !

Was it for this, that my first love,
Clung fast to thee, like creeping vine ?
Thy chilling treachery to prove ?
Be torn away, to blight and pine ?

Oh ! how in fondest moments oft,
I held thee to my throbbing breast ;
Was ever parent bird more soft
Of her young brood within her nest ;

Than I of thee ? and now you fly !
And leave me, leave me in disgrace ;
Without one tear ; one pitying sigh ;
Without one kiss ; one last embrace !

Farewell ! perhaps some breathing spring,
You wander near this conscious ground ;
Fanned by the gentle zephyr's wing ;
And on this spot, will look around !

Perhaps may stoop, to read the line,
That tells my sad, and early fate ;

How blighted love was doomed to pine,
And die, beneath thy chilling hate!

Oh! if you do; give me one tear;
'T is all I ask, one smothered sigh;
To tell my spirit 'I was dear;'
To prove thou wast; lo! here I lie.

---

'COME UNTO ME ALL YE WHO LABOR, AND ARE HEAVY LADEN; AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST!'

I COME, oppressed beneath a load of life;
Perplexed by ills; worn out with ceaseless strife!
In vain I combat my advancing foe;
In vain resist the torrent's rapid flow;
O'erthrown, I plunge in hopeless misery;
And think it happiness, to yield and die!

Here ends the struggle; unto thee, I turn;
And seek the fires, that on thy altars burn;
Let not thy wrath, as once to gloomy Cain,
Scatter my offerings, with wind and rain;
But look propitious down, and gracious see,
One racked and riven, by long misery!

Oh! if an age of suffering, may atone
For years of sin, behold me helpless, lone;

Bereft of all; save hope that points to heaven;
To my quick ear be angel whisper given,
That thy dread hurricane of wrath is past:
And cheering sunshine waits me at the last!

---

'Hell,' is the possession of all the faculties of the mind, except the loss of just so much memory as to make horrible confusion of all the rest.

What state of mind can be more wretched than that in which one is incessantly occupied in attempting to disperse the clouds that rest upon the memory, like clouds upon a mountain's top?

Any man so circumstanced, can be made the dupe of every knave in whom he confides. 'Confusion worse confounded' reigns within; and he explores the light of truth with a restlessness wholly indescribable.

On the loss of memory, there enters the fiend suspicion, like the devil into paradise. He not only tempts, but when there is reluctance to eat, he crams it down. And then we are soon cast out of society; while slander waves its fiery sword to prevent our return.

## A WORD TO THE WISE.

Good people! all who would be cured,
Of various ills in life endured;
Apply to 'Hewett;' of whom fame
Declares him crutches to the lame;
*Me*, he has given power long lost,
And saved me from Despair's rude coast;
Set me a-going, like a clock
Run down; revived my native 'pluck;'
And from a driveller, and a show,
Relumed the torch of mind; I know
Once more, distinct, the right from wrong,
Rise up alert, impassioned, strong,
Rejoin once more the ranks of men,
To reason, feel and hope, again!

---

## HYMN.

Thou who to Moses, once appeared
In 'burning bush,' a flame divine;
Shall my e'er constant prayer be heard?
Since fire hath scorched this head of mine?

Was 't light divine, whose fervid glow
Dazzled my sense in years gone bye?
And doth such visitation show,
That thou hast heard my misery!

I hail the omen! let me on;
Thy will to do, with sacred awe;
Henceforth, the field of fame is won,
To keep and execute thy law.

Mine be the prize of faithful deeds,
Unknown to man, but seen of Thee;
What though my heart with anguish bleeds;
Thou hast the crown of victory.

---

## THE VICTIM OF THE MAD-HOUSE.

They shut him up; they bound him down,
All in a darksome place;
They bathed, and cropped, and shaved his crown,
And marked him with disgrace.

They lashed and drugged him o'er and o'er,
And laid him in the cold;
He slept upon an icy floor,
It made his heart grow old.

But all in vain their savage deeds,
His lofty spirit rose;
What though his soul in secret bleeds?
He hid it from his foes.

His eyes he fixed upon the throne
Of light and truth and love;
Man never heard his smothered groan;
'T was only heard above!

No kindly respite e'er they gave,
'T was months and years the same;
He bore it; like a martyr brave,
And ne'er forgot his name!

'T was pride! an honorable pride;
That cased his nerves in steel;
How oft with joy he would have died;
But he could only feel!

At last his heart was indurate;
His tears were molten lead;
And yet his foes he did not hate,
Although they wished him dead!

And now deject, forgotten, low,
He bears a manly look;

Yet they who seek, discern the blow;
'T is plain; his heart is broke!

And so he shrinks, like blighted tree;
A spectacle of grief!
Chill howls the blast of misery,
And strips him of his leaf.

Anon ye turn; and look again;
In vain! for he is gone!
His trunk lies prostrate on the plain;
To pity, there is none!

*Note.* There is no opinion more false than that which now prevails in regard to the confinement of the insane. The hospital is for the benefit of the hard-hearted relatives of the sufferer, and not the sufferer. It relieves them from the performance of a great and imperative duty which they thus cast off and impose upon others. To the poor wretch, it is a sentence of doom. Hope takes leave of him as he enters the frowning portals of the hospital. As to those who put him there, nothing but fear of the law prevents their cutting his throat!

The same want of humanity which could doom a friend to a hospital, would lead to his extermination, when there was no hanging and executioner. It is a legalized mode of anticipating the estate of a father, brother, or other relative. He dies before his time; and his murderers share the booty.

---

'LORD! WHAT IS MAN, THAT THOU ART MINDFUL OF HIM!'

THOU who enthroned above,
Guidest by laws of love,
Thy works below!

By minds, we owe to Thee,
Good in all things we see;
A present Deity,
Where're we go!

Below, thy voice we hear;
And quake with helpless fear,
When thunders call;
We hear thee in the breeze,
Speaking in rolling seas,
And worship on our knees,
The God of all!

Above our eyes we raise,
Lost in admiring praise,
For thou art there!
Thy glory fills the light,
Of myriad stars by night,
Beyond our feeble sight,
Vast, solemn, fair!

What offerings shall we bring,
What meet hosannah's sing,
To tell thy might?
'T is vain! our thoughts we raise,
Speechless; with fervent gaze,
To think and feel thy praise,
Father of light!

## SILAS P. HOLBROOK, ESQ.,

WHO DIED THREE YEARS AGO, MY GOOD FRIEND.

*Inscription for his Tomb.*

WITHIN this peaceful shrine, he calmly sleeps,
While worth, or genius, lowly bending, weeps;
For none who knew, can hide the bitter tear
That starts, when musing o'er his ashes here!
The soul of honor, truth, and manly sense,
Alas! too early claimed and summoned hence.

Ye, who would learn the merit that we mourn,
Clinging disconsolate around his urn,
Seek ye the volumes where he traced his mind,
Fervid, yet classical; though gay, refined.
Oh! had he lived, mature in years and fame,
This marble, vainly, would emblaze his name;
The world, his fit mausoleum would have been,
His mourners—all the good and learned of men.

Tu, terque beatus! in favore hominum, amicorum, Dei!
Nos, terque beati! in vita, in amicitia, in morte, clarissimus!

## W. S. McN——.

Saw ye the morning's brilliant dawn,
Wafting the fragrance of the lawn?
Saw ye the sun, at noon, retire,
While weeping clouds subdue its fire?
Such was his life. His day o'er-cast,
Ere yet its cheering noon was past;
On his fair hopes fell withering blight,
On ours, the chill and damp of night!

But yet we wait; a day shall come
Never again to set in gloom,
Joyous, eternal. Hence, despair!
We live, in hope, to meet him there.

---

## 'SIX DEGREES OF' DRINK!

'How fares ye Jim! come, take a glass;
Let 's crown the moments as they pass,
With joyous bumpers of good wine,
And feel (what, faith, we are,) divine!

Ah! what a sad, vile world is this;
Strive for its smile, we win its hiss!
There 's nothing true but strong 'gin sling!'
Wit, wisdom, worth, to Satan fling.

'My friends, let me advise. I've seen
Something of life; though no wise 'keen;'
I say,' (hickup) 'there's but one way,
And that's *religion;* who says, nay?'

With that he fell upon his knees,
And saw men walking like as trees;
He saw no more; but backwards turned,
And hell's-broth in his visage burned!

Next noon they find him on the ground,
Stretched out and stiff, in sleep profound;
Aye, so profound, he wakes no more,
'Till fiery billows round him roar.

---

## 'OH! LORD — HOW LONG!'

How long shall gloom subdue my mind!
How long its pristine vigor bind

In fetters, that bow down its power,
And bid its loftier purpose cower.
In vain I wait the promised aid
That thou in visions hast portrayed;
In vain look up with weeping eye,
To seek thy bow of hope, on high.
'Tis darkness all; no cheering star
Twinkles encouragement, from far;
But hollow winds and darkling cloud,
Pass my sick head, in sorrow bowed.

Have I not borne thy rod unmoved
By aught that should incense the good?
Have I not breathed in humble fear,
Lest scoffers my complaint should hear?
Have I not seen the wreck, of *all*?
A blight and desolation fall
On all my hopes? — I feel 't is so;
And feeling, sink in depths of woe,
Where sighs alone commove the air;
And on his throne, scowls grim Despair,
Silent and fell! his pall he throws
Over his victim, as he bows
Submissive to his dread control,
The fatal palsy of the soul.

## MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

She died when I was only 5 years old. She was an excellent woman. Her heart was the abode of the gentle virtues; the home of love and piety. I can only remember her in her last sickness and death. I was told to kneel beside her bed; and she put out her thin and cold hand, laid it on my head, and made me repeat 'the Lord's Prayer.'

After I had done, she fell back on her pillow and a *glory* shone on her face like the rays of the setting sun. Her spirit seemed to be at that moment entering Heaven; and, as its portals opened to receive her, the loveliness and splendor of God's throne were reflected from her countenance. There was, also, a smile of ineffable sweetness about her mouth, soft as a summer's eve, and expressive of divine transport. I have never forgotten that smile, nor the last look of love she gave poor me! Often, when carried away by strong temptations, that sweet and imploring look arrested my steps. And often, when all pleasure was worthless and repulsive, that smile attracted me again, to virtue. In dreadful sickness, when my memory 'went out,' that look lingered last. And it was the harbinger of restoration. May it never depart again, until supplanted by the dear reality, in heaven!

Oh, were it not to proffer pain,
Where joy alone enwrapts the mind,
Thine ear to listen, would I gain,
For thou wert always good and kind.

But that, I knew not, thou wert cold,
Before mine age could know thee well,
Youth hath no tear; but now, grown old,
I hear, in mine own griefs, thy knell.

It tolls whene'er my lonely heart,
Can find no love around to cling;
It tolls as faithful friends depart,
And faithless promises take wing.

It tolls, as restless on my bed
I think o'er all the woes I feel;
It tolls, when anguish bows my head,
And, hopeless else, to heaven I kneel.

Oh, then, as in my watchful ear
Comes a low murmur, on the air,
I listen, while a scalding tear
Traces its furrow of despair.

Yes, *then* I hear thy soothing voice,
It says, 'my son, oh, come to me!
In these bereaved arms rejoice,
Thy refuge, from long misery.'

*Note.* I have summoned the *spirits* of my departed wife and mother to rescue me from the many calamities that assail me. But in vain! There remain

only the 'founder of our house,' my grandfather; and last and most potent, 'my father's spirit.'

With reverence and awe I address myself to my *last appeals.*

I thought there was something so kindred to angels, in virtuous woman, that when my mother and my wife failed me, my heart quailed with despair.

But the fault is in *me.* I am not worthy to speak to 'just' women 'made perfect.'

---

## MY FATHER.

'Methinks I see — my father.'

I SEE him now — his anxious eye,
Tells of the fears that, ambushed, lie
In all his thoughts; the fear that harm
May touch the treasured hopes that warm
His generous breast; some envious blight
On his fair bloom of promise light,
Some darling child be led astray;
Another, loiter on the way
Of life; some hapless daughter's love,
Instead of bliss, may sorrow prove;
His sons, instead of props of age,
Despisers of his counsel sage,

Hurried away by passions rude,
The scorn and pity of the good.
His wife, instead of clinging vine
To household gods, intent to shine
In fashion's gay and giddy throng,
The scene of revelry and song.

Yes, now he comes before mine eye,
Reverend and mild with dignity;
A conscious worth adorns his face
And lights his eyes with heavenly grace,
And charities divine o'erspread
His white and venerable head;
My father! prostrate at thy knee
I fall, to claim that charity.

---

'THE U. S. SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.'

PRIDE of the land, of mountain, wood, and vale,
The hardy region of the frozen North,
Before thine eye of light false spirits quail,
And discord trembles at thy coming forth.

The *land of granite* gave thee *granite mind*,
To breast the conflict of o'erreaching power;

But culture gave thee manners, bland, refined,
To soothe, subdue, and seize the happy hour,

When hearts lie open to persuasion's tongue,
And minds explore the old, accustomed path;
But, to stern accents, listening halls have rung,
When outraged virtue waked in honest wrath.

Then, as 'the dome' reverberates the sound,
And pallid faces turned, abashed, away,
Thy eloquence shed vivid truth around,
And error yielded to effulgent day.

Son of the North! the land of noble deeds,
Thy fame shall flourish like her mountain pines;
For thee, no incense burns, no victim bleeds,
But, radiant *gratitude* around thee, shines.

The hearts of millions, leaping at thy name,
Thy wreath, e'er verdant, to all future time,
Shall carry down the brightness of thy fame,
And raise, for aye, thy cenotaph, sublime!

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